THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

SPINNING.

Dearest mother, let me go;
I am tired of this spinning, yet the whizzing wheel goes round,
Till my brain is dull and dizzy with its ceaseless, humming sound.
I can hear a little blue-bird, chirping sweetly in yon tree;
And he would not stay there, mother, if he were not calling me.

Oh! in pity, let me go:
I have spun the flaxen thread, until my aching fingers drop;
And my weary feet will falter, though the whizzing wheel should stop.
I can see the sunny meadow where the gayest flowers grow;
And I long to weave a garland;—dearest mother, let me go.

Nay, be patient, eager child;
Summer smiles beyond the doorway, but stern poverty is here;
We must give her faithful service, if her frown we would not fear.
Spin on cheerly, little daughter, till your needful task is done,
Then go forth with bird and blossom, at the setting of the sun.

Wait *thou*, also, troubled soul;
Thou may'st look beyond the river, where the white-robed angels stand;
Hear the faint, celestial music, wafted from the summer land;
But thou can'st not leave thy labor;—when thy thread is duly spun,
Thou shalt flee on flashing pinions, at the setting of the sun.

—"*The Continental Monthly.*"

Sharpshooters in the Mill. Rebel Artillery. Rebel Artillery. Sharpshooters. Union Troops in Canal Locks. Rebel Artillery. Lock-keeper's House.

ATTEMPT OF THE REBELS TO DESTROY DAM NO. 5 ON THE POTOMAC.

On Saturday, December 7th, 400 or 500 rebel infantry, with six pieces of artillery, made their appearance at Dam No. 5, nine miles above Williamsport, Md., with evident intentions of destroying the dam, so as to prevent the navigation of the canal for 18 miles below. They commenced firing at the dam, which firing was heart at Williamsport, where the 13th Massachusetts rifles was stationed. Colonel Leonard immediately dispatched one company of riflemen, who took position at the lock opposite during Saturday night. On Sunday morning the rebels again commenced their work of destruction, but were soon answered by the rifles, when they precipitately retreated, leaving for a time their guns, but finally succeeded in carrying them off. The engagement lasted for several hours. The 13th had one man wounded, receiving five shots in the legs, but who will recover. The rebels lost seven men, and 15 or 16 men wounded, without accomplishing anything towards the destruction of the dam.

Another account says:—

"On Friday, all being quiet and no rebels in sight, Captain Kennedy, of the Virginia 1st regiment, Lieut. Palmer, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Stanhope (who built the dam), and myself, crossed the river in a crazy old skiff, to examine the dam where the rebels had been at work. We found it not very much injured, although they had been at work at it for three days. It is a splendid work, and cost, I was informed, about $200,000."

Our engraving is from Frank Leslie's paper—from a sketch by Capt. Bacon.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

FLORENCE HUNTER.

It is awful to reflect upon the change death makes, even in the petty every-day affairs of life. On the Easter Monday, spoken of in the last chapter, Richard Thornimett, his men, his contracts, and his business in progress, were all part of the life, the work, the bustle of the town of Ketterford. In a few weeks from that time, Richard Thornimett—who had not lived to see the morning light after his attack—was mouldering in the church-yard: and the business, the workshops, the artisans, all save the dwelling-house, which Mrs. Thornimett retained for herself, had passed into other hands. The name, Richard Thornimett, as one of the citizens of Ketterford, had ceased to be; all things were changed.

Mrs. Thornimett's friends and acquaintances had assembled to tender counsel, after the fashion of busybodies of the world. Some recommended her to continue the business: some, to give it up; some, to take in a gentleman as partner; some, to pay a handsome salary to an efficient manager. Mrs. Thornimett listened politely to all, without the least intention of acting upon anybody's opinion but her own. Her mind had been made up from the first. Mr. Thornimett had died well off, and everything was left to her—half of the money to be hers for life, and then to go to different relations; the other half was bequeathed to her absolutely, and was at her own disposal. Rumors were rife in the town, that, when things came to be realized, she would have not less than twelve thousand pounds.

"Austin," she said to young Clay, as they sat together one evening, "I shall dispose of the business—everything as it stands, and the goodwill."

"Shall you?" he replied. "I would have done my best to carry it on for you, Mrs. Thornimett. The foreman is a man of experience: one we may trust."

"I do not doubt you, Austin; and I do not doubt him. You have got your head on your shoulders the right way, and you would be faithful and true. So well do I think of your abilities, that, were you in a position to pay down one half the purchase money, I would give you the refusal of the business, and I am certain success would attend you. But you are not; so that is out of the question."

"Quite out of the question," assented Austin. "If ever I get a business of my own, it must be by working for it. Have you quite resolved upon giving it up?"

"So far resolved, that the negotiations are already half concluded," replied Mrs. Thornimett. "What should I, a lone woman, do with an extensive business? When poor widows are left badly off, they are obliged to work; but I possess more money than I shall know how to spend. Why should I worry out my hours and days, trying to amass more? It would not be seemly. Rolt and Ransom wish to purchase it."

Austin lifted his head with a quick movement. He did not like Rolt and Ransom.

"The only difference we have in the matter, is this: that I wish them to take you on, Austin, and they think they shall find no room for you. Were you a common workman, it would be another thing, they say."

"Do not allow that to be a difference any longer, Mrs. Thornimett," he cried, somewhat eagerly. "I should not care to be under Rolt and Ransom. If they offered me a place to-morrow, and *carte blanche* as to pay, I do not think I could bring myself to take it."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Thornimett, in surprise.

"Well, they are no favorites of mine. I know nothing against them, except that they are hard men—grinders; but somehow I have always felt a prejudice against that firm. We do have our likes and dislikes, you are well aware. Young Rolt is prominent in the business, too, and I am sure there's no love lost between him and me; we should be at daggers drawn. No, I should not serve Rolt and Ransom. If they succeed to your business, I think I shall go to London, and try my fortune there."

Mrs. Thornimett pushed back her widow's cap, to which her head had never yet been able to get reconciled—something like Austin with regard to Rolt and Ransom. "London would not be a good place for you, Austin. It is full of pitfalls for young men."

"So are other places," said Austin, laughing, "if young men choose to step into them. I shall make my way, Mrs. Thornimett, never fear. I am thorough master of my business in all its branches, higher and lower, as you know, and I am not afraid of putting my own shoulder to the wheel, if there's necessity for it. As to pitfalls—if I do stumble in the dark into any, I'll manage to scramble out again; but I will take good care not to get into them wilfully. Had you continued the business, of course I would have remained with you, otherwise, I should like to go to London."

"You can be better trusted, both as to capabilities and steadiness, than some could at your age," deliberated Mrs. Thornimett. "But they are wrong notions that you young men pick up with regard to London. I believe there's not one of you but thinks its streets are sprinkled with diamonds."

"*I* don't," said Austin. "And while God gives me hands and brains to work with, I would rather earn my diamonds, than stoop to pick them up in idleness."

Mrs. Thornimett paused. Then, settling her spectacles firmer on her eyes, turned them full on Austin, and spoke abruptly—

"Were you disappointed when you heard the poor master's will read?"

Austin in return, turned his eyes upon her, and opened them to their utmost width, in his surprise.

"Disappointed! No! Why should I be?"

"Did it never occur to you to think, or to expect, that he might leave you something?"

"Never," earnestly replied Austin. "The thought never so much as crossed my mind. Mr. Thornimett had near relatives of his own—and so have you. Who am I, that I should think to step in before them?"

"I wish people would mind their own business!" exclaimed the old lady, in a vexed tone. "I was gravely assured, Austin, that 'young Clay' felt grievously ill-used by the will! I did not believe it."

"Whoever said it," Austin observed, "it is utterly untrue, Mrs. Thornimett. I never expected Mr. Thornimett to leave me anything, therefore, I could not have been disappointed at the will."

"The poor master knew I should not forget you, Austin; that is, if you continue to be deserving. Some time or other, when my old bones are laid beside him, you may be the better for a trifle from me. Only a trifle, mind: we must be just, before we are generous."

"Indeed, you are very kind," was Austin Clay's reply; "but I should not wish you to enrich me at the expense of others, who have greater claims." And he fully meant what he said. "I have not the least fear of making my own way up the world's ladder. Do you happen to know anything of the London firm, Hunter and Hunter?"

"Only by reputation," said Mrs. Thornimett.

"I shall apply to them, if I go to London. They will interest themselves for me, perhaps."

"You'd be sure to do well if you could get in there. But why should they help you more than any other firm would?"

"There's nothing like trying," replied Austin, too conscious of the evasive character of his reply. He was candor, itself; but he feared to speak of the circumstances under which he had met Mr. Henry Hunter, lest Miss Gwinn should find out it was to him he had gone, and so track Mr. Henry Hunter home. Austin deemed that it was no business of his to help her find Mr. Hunter, whether he was or not the *bete noire* of whom she had spoken.

That she did not know him *by name*, Austin found reason to believe. Just before he left Ketterford, after Rolt and Ransom completed their purchase, and had entered into possession, incorporating their own business as builders with that of the late Mr. Thornimett, Austin and Mrs. Thornimett encountered Miss Gwinn in the street. The conversation turned upon Austin's leaving for London, and Mrs. Thornimett incidentally mentioned that he meant, first of all, to try Hunter and Hunter.

"Hunter and Hunter!" echoed Miss Gwinn. "Who are they? Try them for what?"

"Hunter, Brothers, some call them," said Mrs. Thornimett. "It is a large building firm."

"Oh!" apathetically returned Miss Gwinn. The subject, the name, evidently bore for her no interest whatever. Therefore Austin judged that, whether or not she was acquainted with Mr. Henry Hunter's person, she could not be acquainted with his name.

A heavy train, drawn by two engines, was dashing towards London. Whitsuntide had come, and the public took advantage of the holiday, and the trains were crammed. Austin Clay took advantage of it also; it was a saving to his pocket, the fares having been lowered; and he rather liked a cram. What he did not like, though, was the being stuffed into a first-class carriage, with its warm mats and its cushions. The day was intensely hot, and he would have preferred one open on all sides. They were filled, however, before he came. He had left Ketterford, and was on his road to London to seek his fortune—as old stories used to say.

Seated in the same compartment as himself, was a lady with a little girl. The former appeared to be in very delicate health; she remarked more than once, that she would not have travelled on so crowded a day, had she given it proper thought. The little girl was chiefly remarkable for making herself troublesome to Austin; at least, her mamma perpetually reproached her with doing so. She was a lovely child, with delicately carved features, slightly aquiline, but inexpressibly sweet and charming. A bright color illumined her cheeks, her eyes were large and dark and soft, and her curls were flowing. He judged her to be perhaps eleven years old; but she was one of those natural, unsophisticated children, who appear much younger than they are. The race have pretty nearly gone out of the world now; I hope they will come into it again.

"Florence, how *can* you be so tiresome? Pushing yourself before the gentleman against that dangerous door, which might fly open. I am sure he must be tired of holding you."

Florence turned her bright eyes—sensible, honest eyes, bright though they were—and her pretty hot cheeks upon the gentleman.

"Are you tired, sir?"

Austin smiled.

"It would take rather more than this to tire me," he said. "Pray allow her to look out," he added, to the lady opposite to whom he sat; "I will take every care of her."

"Have you any little girls of your own?" questioned the young damsel.

Austin laughed outright.

"No."

"Nor any sisters?"

"Nor any sisters. I have scarcely any relatives in the world. I am not so fortunate as you."

"I have a great many relatives, but no brothers or sisters. I had a sister once, and she died when she was three years old. Was it not three, mamma?"

"And how old are you?" inquired Austin.

"Oh, pray do not ask," interposed the lady. "She is so thoroughly childish, I am ashamed anybody should know her age. And yet she does not want sense."

"I was twelve last birthday," cried the young lady, in defiance of all conventionalism. "My cousin Mary is only eleven, but she is a great deal bigger than I."

"Yes," observed the lady, in a tone of positive resentment; "Mary is quite a woman already in ideas and manners; you are a child and a very backward one."

"Let her be a child, ma'am, while she may," impulsively spoke Austin; "childhood does not last too long, and it never comes again. Little girls are women now-a-days; I think it is perfectly delightful to meet with one like this."

As they neared the final terminus, the young lady was peremptorily ordered to "keep her head in," or perhaps she might lose it.

"Oh, dear! if I must, I must. But I wanted to look out for papa; he is sure to be waiting for us with the carriage."

The train glided up to its destination. And the bright, quick eyes were roving amidst the crowd standing on the platform. They rested upon a gentleman.

"There's Uncle Henry! there's Uncle Henry! But I don't see papa. Where's papa?" she called out, as the gentleman saw them and approached.

"Papa's not come; he has sent me instead, Miss Florence." And, to Austin Clay's inexpressible surprise, he recognized Mr. Henry Hunter.

"There's nothing the matter? James is not ill?" exclaimed the lady, bending forward.

"No, no; nothing of that. Being a leisure day with us, we thought we would quietly go over some estimates together. James had not finished the calculations, and did not care to be disturbed at them."

Mr. Henry Hunter was assisting her to alight as he spoke, having already lifted down Florence. A maid, with a couple of carpet bags, appeared presently, amidst the bustle, and Austin saw them approach a private carriage. He had not pushed himself forward. He did not intend to do so then, deeming it not the most fitting moment to challenge the notice of Mr. Henry Hunter; but that gentleman's eye happened to fall upon him.

Not at first for recognition. Mr. Hunter felt sure it was a face he had seen recently; was one he ought to know; but his memory was puzzled. Florence followed his gaze.

"That gentleman came up in the same carriage with us, Uncle Henry. They put him first class, because there was no room where he wanted to go. I like him so much."

Austin came forward as he saw the intent look; and recollection flashed over the mind of Mr. Henry Hunter. He took both the young man's hands in his, and grasped them.

"You like him, do you, Miss Florence?" cried he, in a half joking, half fervent tone. "I can tell you what, young lady, but for this gentleman, you would no longer have possessed an Uncle Henry to plague; he would have been dead and forgotten."

A word or two of explanation followed from Austin, touching what brought him to London, and his intention to ask advice of Mr. Henry Hunter. That gentleman replied, that he would give it willingly, and at once, for he had leisure on his hands that day, and he could not answer for it that he would have another. He gave Austin the address of his office.

"When shall I come, sir?" asked Austin.

"Now, if you can. A cab will bring you. I shall not be there later in the day."

So Austin, leaving his portmanteau, all the luggage he had at present brought with him, in charge at the station, proceeded in a cab to the address named, Mr. Henry Hunter having driven off in the carriage.

The offices, yard, buildings, sheds, and other places pertaining to the business of Hunter and Hunter, were situated in what may be considered a desirable part of the metropolis. They encroached neither upon the excessive bustle of the city, nor upon the aristocratic exclusiveness of the gay west end, but occupied a situation midway between the two. Sufficiently open was the district in their immediate neighborhood, healthy, handsome, and near some fine squares; but a very, very little way removed, you come upon swarming courts, and close dwellings, and squalor, and misery, and all the bad features of what we are pleased to call Arab life. There are many such districts in London, where wealth and ease contrast with starvation and improvidence, *all but* within view of each other; the one gratifying the eye; the other causing it pain.

The yard was of a great extent. Austin had thought Mr. Thornimett's a very fair one for size; but he could laugh at that, now that he saw the Messrs. Hunters. It was inclosed by a wall, and by light iron gates. Within the gates on the left-hand side were the offices, where the indoor business was transacted. A wealthy, important, and

highly considered firm was that of the Messrs. Hunter. Their father had made the business what it was, and had bequeathed it to them jointly at his death. James, whose wife and only child you have seen arriving by the train, after a week's visit to the country, was the elder brother, and was usually styled Mr. Hunter; the younger was known as Mr. Henry Hunter; and he had a large family. Each occupied a handsome house in a contiguous square.

Mr. Henry Hunter came up just as Austin did, and they entered the offices. In a private room, handsomely carpeted, stood two gentlemen. The one, had he not been so stout, would have borne a great likeness to Mr. Henry Hunter. In early life the likeness between the brothers had been remarkable; the same dark hair and eyes, the well-formed aquiline features, the same active, tall, light figure; but, of late years, James had grown fat, and the resemblance was in part lost. The other gentleman was Dr. Bevary, a spare man of middle height, the brother of Mrs. James Hunter. Mr. Henry Hunter introduced Austin Clay, speaking of the service rendered him, and broadly saying, as he had done to Florence, that but for him he should not now have been alive.

"There you go, Henry," cried Dr. Bevary. "That's one of your exaggerations, that is. You were always given to the marvellous, you know. Not alive!"

Mr. Henry Hunter turned to Austin. "Tell the truth, Mr. Clay. Should I, or not?" And Austin smiled, and said he believed *not*.

"I cannot understand it," exclaimed Dr. Bevary, after some explanation had been given by Mr. Henry Hunter.

"It is incredible to suppose a strange woman would attack you in that manner, unless she was mad."

"Mad, or not mad, she did it," returned Mr. Henry Hunter. "I was riding Salem—you know I took him with me, in that week's excursion I made at Easter—and the woman set upon me like a tigress, clutching hold of Salem, who won't stand such jokes. In his fury, he got loose from her, dashing he neither knew nor cared whither, and this fine fellow saved us on the very brink of the yawning pit—risking the chance of getting killed himself; for, had the horse not been arrested, I don't see how he could have helped being knocked over with us."

Mr. Hunter turned a warm, grateful look on Austin.

"How was it you never spoke of this, Henry?" he inquired of his brother.

"There's another curious phase of the affair," laughed Mr. Henry Hunter. "I have had a dislike to speak of it, even to think of it. I cannot tell you why; certainly not on account of the escaped danger. And it was over; so, what signified talking of it?"

"Why did she attack you?" cried Dr. Bevary.

"She evidently, if there was reason in her at all, mistook me for somebody else. All sorts of diabolical things she was beginning to accuse me of; that of having evaded her for some great number of years, among the rest. I stopped her; telling her I had no mind to be the depository of other people's secrets."

"She solemnly protested to me after you rode away sir, that you *were* the man who had wrought the ill upon her," interposed Austin. "I told her I felt certain she was mistaken: and so drew down her anger upon me."

"Of what nature was the ill complained of?" asked Dr. Bevary.

"I cannot tell," said Austin. "I seemed to gather from her words that the ill was upon her family, or upon some portion of her family, more than upon her. I remember she made use of the expression, that it had broken up her happy home."

"And you did not know her?" exclaimed the doctor, looking at Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Know her?" returned Mr. Henry, "I never set eyes on her in all my life, until that day. I never was in the place before, or in its neighborhood. If I ever did work her wrong, or ill, I must have done it in my sleep; and with miles of distance intervening. Who is she? What is her name?"

"Her name is Gwinn, sir, and they come, it is said, from Wales. Her brother, many years ago, was articled to a lawyer in Ketterford, and in course of time he succeeded to the business. After this, a long while, I believe, a lady arrived one morning and took up her abode with him. It was discovered to be his sister, and the people in Ketterford say she is mad. Sometimes—"

"What did you say the name was?" interrupted Dr. Bevary with startling emphasis. "Gwinn?—and from Wales?"

"Yes."

Dr. Bevary paused, as if in deep thought. "What is her christian name?" he presently inquired.

"It is a somewhat uncommon one," replied Austin. "Agatha."

The doctor nodded his head, as if expecting the answer.

"A tall, spare, angular woman, of great strength," he remarked.

"Why, what do you know of her?" exclaimed Mr. Hunter to the doctor, in a surprised tone.

"Not a great deal. We medical men come across all sorts of persons occasionally," was the doctor's reply. And it was given in a concise, laconic manner, as if he did not care to be questioned further. Mr. Henry Hunter pursued the subject.

"If you know her, Bevary, perhaps you can tell whether she is mad or sane."

"She is sane. But she is one who can allow, perhaps, anger to master her at at moments: I have seen it do so. Do you say her brother is a lawyer?" he continued to Austin Clay.

"Yes, he is. And not one of the first water, as to reputation—a grasping, pettifogging practitioner, who will take up any dirty case that may be brought to him. And in that, I fancy, he is a contrast to his sister; for, with all her strange ways, I should not judge her to be dishonorable. It is said he speculates, and that he is not over particular whose money he gets to do it with."

"I wonder that she never told me about this brother," dreamily exclaimed the doctor, in an inward tone, as if forgetting that he spoke aloud.

"Where did you meet with her? When did you know her?" interposed Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Are you sure that *you* know nothing about her?" was the doctor's rejoinder, turning a searching glance upon Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Come, Bevary, what have you got in your head? I do *not* know her. I never met with her till she saw and accosted me. Are you acquainted with her history?"

"With a dark page in it."

"What is the page?"

Dr. Bevary shook his head.

"In the course of a physician's practice he becomes cognizant of many odds and ends of romance, dark or fair; things which he must hold sacred, and may not give utterance to."

Mr. Henry Hunter looked vexed.

"Perhaps you can understand the reason of her attacking me?"

"I could understand it, but for your persistent assertion of her being a stranger to you. If it is so, I can only believe that she mistook you for another."

"*If* it is so," repeated Mr. Henry Hunter. "I am not in the habit of asserting an untruth, Bevary."

"Nor, on the other hand, is Miss Gwinn one to be deceived. She is keen as a razor. But, here am I, gossiping my morning away, when a host of patients are waiting for me. We poor doctors never get a holiday, like you more favored mortals."

He laughed as he went out, nodding a friendly farewell to Austin. Mr. Henry Hunter stepped out after him. Then Mr. Hunter, who had not taken part in the discussion, but had stood looking from the window while they carried it on, wheeled round to Austin and spoke in a low, earnest tone.

"What *is* this tale—this mystery—that my brother and the doctor seem to be picking up?"

"Sir, I know no more than you have heard me say. I witnessed her attack on Mr. Henry Hunter."

"I should like to know further about it: about her. Will you—"

His voice died away, for at that moment Mr. Henry Hunter returned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Our friends who send us postage stamps, will please send *one* or *three* cent stamps, instead of the higher denominations, which we find it very difficult to dispose of.

McCLELLAN'S STRATEGY.

Several letters have appeared of late, said to be from responsible sources, calculated and designed to arrest an impatient spirit that recently, not unnaturally, has manifested itself.

So great an amount of disaffection and corruption has been unearthed by the Potter and Van Wyck Congressional Committees, that it is no wonder that the people begin to regard almost every distinguished personage with more or less suspicion.

It so clearly is the pecuniary interest of influential contractors and others on the Potomac to prolong the war—and so evidently the determined policy of a certain set of politicians who sympathize in their hearts with the rebels, to do the same thing—that any inaction for which there is no apparent reason, naturally awakens suspicion that either corrupt or treasonable motives lie at the bottom of it.

One of the letters to which we refer as designed to counteract this growing restlessness of the people, reads as follows:—

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * * * The night of the rebellion has passed, and the dawn is about breaking. Before the present month has gone, these things will *surely* come to pass: Gen. Halleck, with the great flotilla and an army of 100,000 strong, will sweep like an avalanche down the Mississippi, where they will be joined by Gen. Butler in New Orleans and Mobile. Gen. Buell, with nearly or quite the same force, will march into Tennessee, capture Nashville, and co-operate with the Union forces in a manner and direction it would not be politic now to point out. Gens. Rosecranz and Kelly will advance from Western Virginia, and do their share in harmony with the general plan. Gens. Banks and Stone will move in conjunction with the rest from the Upper Potomac. *Gen. Burnside will do his appointed work in Virginia.* Gen. Sherman will explain by deeds, not words, his inaction. Gen. McClellan will force the rats from their holes at Manassas, attack them at three points at once, and will fulfill his modest pledge that the war will be 'short, but desperate.' I do not give you more than the general outline of these simultaneous movements. The details of the grand plan of this campaign will startle the world, and vindicate Gen. McClellan's high reputation for military strategy. The men and supplies are now for the first time nearly ready. The delays, caused mainly by 'red tape' and imbecile fossils, in and out of the departments, and by thieving contractors and material men, will be accounted for, and the blame placed where it belongs. A premature movement would have deranged the plan of the whole campaign, which is so perfect that success is certain. A bad move, untimely made, might have hazarded the game. The impending mate is close at hand, in a limited number of forced moves. The loss of a piece here or there, the defeat of one or another division of the army, cannot affect or prolong the result. The combinations are so perfect that failure is impossible.

"Yours ever, ——."

The other letter, said by the *New York Times*, in which it first appeared, to be "written by a person who speaks from the *highest possible* authority," and whom the *N. Y. Tribune* believes to be a member of Gen. McClellan's staff, is as follows:—

WASHINGTON, Sunday, Jan. 12, 1862.—*My Dear Sir:*—You do quite right to hold fast to your faith in Gen. McClellan. I can understand your own impatience and that of the public—but the greatest fault-finders, and most timid and faint-hearted patriots, will be all aglow with admiration, and admit, with mingled shame on the part of the cavilers, and pride in the hearts of all true men, that the delay has been imperative, and that the *apparent* inactivity of Gen. McClellan has been but a compulsory part of his grand plan of the campaign, and a precursor of vaster and more comprehensive results in consequence. There is, I am sorry to say, an active clique here, who are trying to injure Gen. McClellan, because he but carries out the present purposes of the Administration in not *now* making this a war of emancipation. Let the "on to Richmond" set be patient yet a little longer.

The war will be over, and their dearest wishes, perhaps, be realized by the "logic of events" sooner than their wildest dreams anticipate. In trying to influence the President against Gen. McClellan they bite a file. The only possible effect of this hunting and hounding, by correspondential and telegraphic missives, a man who made himself *seriously* sick—more so than the public know—by his sleepless activity and untiring energy, will be that it may, perhaps, somewhat impair his usefulness with the army. * * * * I write warmly about Gen. McClellan, because I know and love the man. Your suggestion to attack Manassas, ever at the risk of defeat, on the ground that we had better be beaten than rot to pieces, is not like your usual good sense. *Any* military man would tell you, that to hurl our forces against those strong entrenchments would be sheer madness. But Gen. McClellan has them caught in their own trap.

They are like a fox in a burrow with one hole, where they *must* soon be forced out, and then General McClellan will fall upon them like a thunderbolt. The public will not then complain of his want of energy. I tell you it will be so fearful as to have wailing and mourning go up from every southern household. Knowing what I do, and have thus but barely hinted as the grand plan of the campaign, I repeat that the Rebels are doomed, and Secession will never again raise its hydra head in the land. *The folds of the giant constrictor are now tightening around the rebellion, and the coming month will see it crushed out completely and forever.* Again I say, look out for "a short war and a desperate one." Yours ever. ——.

Well, let us wait patiently—and hopefully—but not so hopefully, as to be too much cast down if the above brilliant predictions be not realized. We confess that for ourselves, we are very curious to see the developments of Gen. McClellan's strategical combinations. So far, many of the recent military doings appear a perfect muddle. For instance, the naval expeditions. Why have they been scattered at Hatteras, Ship Island, Port Royal, and now the North Carolina coast again—if Burnside be really destined to Pamlico or Albemarle sound, as it would appear? It would seem to common men, that if these forces had been united, and directed against either New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, North Carolina or Southern Virginia, something effectual might by this time have been done. What good does a mere lodgement on the coast, by expeditions not strong enough to advance inland, or capture and hold the large cities, and not near enough to afford each other a mutual support—what good do such weak and scattered blows do? If the Burnside expedition be really destined to menace Norfolk and the rear of the rebels in Virginia, why that at least, even civilians can understand.

It may be, however, that Gen. McClellan's strategy will be manifested more particularly in connection with the Western movements. Everything at last seems to be ready for action in that quarter, and a short time will probably bring to our ears "the clash of resounding arms." If the rebels be severely pressed either in the West or South, they must strengthen themselves from Manassas. If they weaken themselves there, they must draw in their forces from Northern Virginia, and oppose a feeble resistance to an advance by Generals Stone and Banks. Against such an advance from Northern and Western Virginia, in conjunction with one from Washington, Manassas would probably be untenable.

In such a conjunction of affairs, it is evident that at least one good might be expected from the distant naval expeditions—that, while menaced at home, the cotton states would have little heart to reinforce the armies in Virginia and Tennessee.

Well, the longest day at last has an end—and the hour of preparation, if we may trust not only the signs but the promises, is rapidly verging into the hour of accomplishment. Let us hope that the great Union tide, which has its springs in the heart of the North, will soon flow down like the Mississippi itself, irresistible, until it meets the waters of the Gulf. When the great rebel armies are captured or dispersed, the guerilla resistance of little bands, however worrying and teasing, can hardly be productive of important consequences. With the leaders taken or exiled, and the principal Southern cities captured—the rebels must finally succumb to that which they are unable to prevent. And the moment they are undeniably defeated, the instinct of good order, and the necessities of daily business, will cause a large party in their midst at once to array itself against mere local disturbances, and in favor of the Federal Government.

GEN. SIGEL.

The resignation of General Sigel—which, we believe, has not yet been accepted, naturally has created considerable excitement, especially among our German citizens.

Sigel complains of having been habitually neglected and overlooked by Generals Hunter and Halleck. Sent out by Hunter to attack the enemy, when Hunter superseded Fremont, he found the main body of the army had retreated from Springfield, without even informing him of their intention!

Recently, after receiving command at Rolla, he was superseded in a few days by General Curtis—formerly member of Congress and "city surveyor of St. Louis!"

Now we have a proposition to make. There is a General named Stone on the Potomac, who, by the most reliable accounts, ought to be sent to coventry. Remove Sigel from Halleck's department, and put him in Stone's place. We warrant there will be no more Ball's Bluffs with Sigel in command.

As to the plan proposed by some of Sigel's friends, to unite the German regiments, and put him at their head, we think it unwise. The policy of the nation should be to discourage, not encourage anything that tends to clannishness.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

Secretary Welles of the Navy has made his promised explanation of the Morgan purchases.

As is usual when a thing is very difficult of explanation, Mr. Welles uses a great many words to vindicate himself—about five columns of an ordinary newspaper.

Our readers must be satisfied with our summary of this matter, for we cannot burden our paper with so long a statement.

The Secretary reasons with a great deal of force that, in employing a commercial agent, a man accustomed to buying and selling, to purchase the vessels needed for the navy—such vessels being previously inspected by the proper naval officers, in order to determine their suitability for the service required—he did wisely, and saved large sums to the Government. On this count, we consider him justified.

In the second place, he argues that it was necessary he should know his man, and that he personally knew Mr. Morgan to be both honest and capable.

In the third place, he does not consider the fact that he and Mr. Morgan married sisters, any reason why he should not employ him. On the other hand, he considers it a reason why he should, for the family connection between them enabled him to know Mr. Morgan more intimately than he would otherwise have done, and was a partial pledge besides of good faith on the part of that gentleman. To this plea we hardly know what to say. It must be confessed that there are advantages as well as disadvantages in choosing your agents in your own circle of friends and relatives.

In the fourth place, Mr. Welles does not consider that Mr. Morgan received a single cent of the $75,000 which he realized in a few months, from the Government. He contends that the Government received full value in vessels for every dollar expended. He holds that Mr. Morgan's commission of 2½ per cent., which was paid by the seller, in accordance, as is alleged, with the regular mercantile custom, is what he was fairly entitled to.

This last is the essential point of the case. Mr. Morgan appears to have done his work well. But, when bargaining for the purchase of vessels, as an agent of the Government, it was invariably understood by the seller that whatever the price settled upon, he, the seller, was to allow Mr. Morgan the regular commission of 3¼ per cent.

It would be difficult to convince business men, this being the case, that Mr. Morgan could not have purchased the vessels for the Government just that much cheaper, if it had been understood that he was not to be paid any commissions.

The case really stands thus. Mr. Morgan, a highly patriotic gentleman, a man of fortune (as the Secretary alleges), a relative of the Governor of New York, connected by marriage with the Secretary of the Navy, being called upon in his country's hour of danger and poverty and distress, to aid with his abilities the cause of that suffering and distracted country, does it with great prudence and alacrity—and for the trifling compensation, to a wealthy man, of from $60,000 to $90,000.

The time was when a wealthy man named George Washington, could serve for eight years a country no more tried and suffering than this is now, at the constant risk also of life itself, and be satisfied with merely the reimbursement of his necessary expenses.

But Mr. George D. Morgan—though perhaps "a good enough Morgan"—is not a George Washington. No, that is very certain, he is not a George Washington.

The time was when a President of the United States refused to appoint a gentleman to fill a not very important office, *because* he was a relative, and because, being such, the appointment would expose his motives to suspicion. That President's name also was Washington. But then Secretary Welles evidently is not a man after that strict pattern.

Oh, how shameful! on what degenerate times have we not fallen! when wealthy citizens, men, as we judge, of good blood, and honorable breeding, can embrace the hour of their country's danger and distress, to prey upon her very vitals!

The hour of a nation's dissolution seemed almost at hand. The cry as of a strong man in his agony was startling the distant nations. The faithful children of the land were swarming from all sides—neglecting their occupations, some even forsaking their needy wives and little ones, trusting to the promise of those that were left behind that they should not be suffered to starve—the spirit of the ancient time seemed to glow on every cheek, to fire every heart.

No—not every heart. And what must those men be, who, even amid the glow of that grand hour of patriotic devotion, could be coolly, infernally scheming how best to rob and plunder the treasury of the Republic?

Read the speech of Mr. Dawes, a Representative from Massachusetts, read the Report of the Van Wyck committee, and note the wretched doings of these wretched buzzards—these meaner than rebels.

As to the case of Mr. Morgan, this is our opinion. Had Mr. Welles pleaded ignorance of Mr. Morgan's emoluments in the form of commissions, we should say, he was deceived in his friend, let it pass. But as he justifies Mr. Morgan's commissions, there is no security for the future. He may be perfectly honest—but his views of what is fair and right differ too widely from those which prevail generally, to make him an acceptable head of such an important Department.

ANOTHER INSULT.

When it was first made known that Mr. Seward had telegraphed permission for the British troops designed for Canada, to be landed at Portland—and thus save themselves a long and toilsome march—a contemporary of the press jokingly said that unless Mr. Seward was careful, our English friends would regard that as another insult.

This was thought a pretty good joke—for really the nation which could take offence at Captain Wilkes, because he did *not* seize the Trent, might be supposed liable to take offence at any fresh act of courtesy.

And now, as we perceive by the *Montreal Pilot* of the 13th, certain touchy Canadians are, in very deed, construing Mr. Seward's polite permission into an "insult." Hear the *Pilot*:—

By telegram from Portland it is gravely asserted that Mr. Seward has telegraphed permission for the British troops via the Hibernian, to be landed there and conveyed to Canada and elsewhere. We believe that this is one of the ridiculously lying telegrams the States' operators delight to manufacture, and send over the lines to please the Yankees and Northerners who in such numbers inhabit here. Of the truth of this, in our opinion, *supremely absurd report*, the Montreal Herald itself is doubtful; though it improves the occasion by patting its Northern friends on the back for offering such a courtesy. If Secretary Seward ever did such a foolish thing, it was not meant in a spirit of courtesy, *but as an intentional and deliberate insult to the British Government.*

He knows very well that the offer could not be accepted, and he either means *to try the power of Yankee shinplasters upon the loyalty of a regiment of the British Army, or he meant to lure them into a trap which would have the most tragic and fatal results.* The man may be mad—the Herald is a better judge of that than we are; but it may rest assured that there are, indeed, very many and cogent reasons which will induce our military authorities to excuse themselves from accepting any such offer, supposing it ever to have been seriously made. Secretary Seward is fond of a joke—he even joked with the Duke of Newcastle as to what he would do to obtain popularity and keep it, when he got office. He was going to insult England then—*it is barely possible this may be another of his practical, but silly attempts in that way.*

Could surly stupidity reach a lower depth than the above? If all our Canadian and English friends were like the editor of the *Pilot*, we should be afraid to ask them "how they felt" in the morning, lest they might construe it into an imputation that they were drunk over night.

GEN. THOMAS.

The Washington correspondent of the *Inquirer* says:—

We are informed that the report of the Potter Investigating Committee on the loyalty of Government employees, will show that Adjutant-General Thomas recommended and secured the appointment of a large number of residents of Georgetown, of well-known secession sympathies and proclivities, among whom is one paymaster in the army, one Lieutenant, and nine commissioned officers of various grades. He also filled up a blank commission, which he gave to his daughter for a friend of hers.

The correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says:—

The cases of rebels in office are still numerous, and some of them are exceedingly scandalous. The worst of it is that whenever a traitor is turned out of one of the departments, the army is sure to receive him in some shape or other. One Virginian, who has numbers of relatives in rebellion against the Government, was turned out of a departmental office, and Gen. Thomas instantly got him a fat place in the army. It is stated as an absolute fact that Gen. Thomas has thirty or forty of his own relatives in office. Another man has succeeded in getting nearly sixty of his family relations into good berths. In one case an open friend of the rebellion publicly challenged the head of his department to remove him. Said he, "They cannot do without me, and I will hold just such opinions as I please!"

It is sometimes a very difficult thing for a secretary to satisfy himself that an employee is a traitor in his sympathies, so long as his known acts are loyal. It is, however, easy for men at the heads of bureaus and departments to see the impropriety of appointing all their family relatives to office. No man with any brains can fail to perceive the indelicacy of such a proceeding, yet this is the chief fault of most of the public men here who have places at their disposal. The story is told here of Gen. Thomas, that after having got every male relative into the army, in good paying places, he then took a list of his neighbors, placing them according to their distance from his family residence, and at last accounts half the able-bodied men of Georgetown (where he lives) had got paymasterships in the army.

Adjutant General Thomas is also said to be the official against whom such injurious reports prevailed not long since at Washington.

He is also the man upon whose report Gen. Fremont's removal was based—said report disclosing, for the edification of the rebels, a complete account of the Union forces and alleged bad prospects in Kentucky as well as in Missouri.

There is now said to be no doubt that he will be superseded by Gen. Williams. So goes another Barnacle from the ship of state.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

The removal of Mr. Cameron took the community by surprise. Even up to the present moment, the reasons for that removal are not certainly known. It is generally surmised, however, that the corruptions of the Treasury Department were at last so notorious, that it was impossible to retain Gen. Cameron any longer. Others say, however, that it was owing to his radical views upon the slavery question, and the recent resolve of the legislature of Kentucky.

As to the new Secretary, Mr. E. M. Stanton, formerly of Pittsburg, he is said to be an honest and energetic man. He is a Democrat, and was a member of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet after Mr. Buchanan began to steer clear of secession influences. What his views are upon the slavery question as connected with the war, it is at present difficult to say. His appointment was almost unanimously confirmed by the Senate—there being but two negative votes.

GEN. CAMERON CONFIRMED.

The vote on the confirmation of General Cameron as Minister to Russia is said to have been 38 ayes to 14 nays, just the requisite two-thirds, and none to spare. The nays were:—

NAYS.—Messrs. Bright, Clark, Foster, Grimes, Hale, A. Johnson, Kennedy, McDougall, Nesmith, Pearce, Powell, Rice, Trumbull, Wilkinson—14.

For our part, we think that Mr. Cameron's desire to leave the country at the present time, will open him to the suspicion of wishing to be out of the way during the unearthing of the numerous corrupt jobs now being exposed to the light of day by the Van Wyck committee. Of all men, it seems to us, he should not leave the country, but stay, and "face the music."

FORREST'S MACBETH.

The interpretation of one of Shakespeare's greatest characters by a vigorous intellect which has for many years been devoted to the study and elucidation of his works, illustrated, too, by admirable scenic efforts, and the pleasure of the audience enhanced by the luxuries of architecture, light, and music—such were the attractions which collected a large audience in the Academy of Music on one of the most unpleasant evenings of the past week to hear and witness Forrest as "Macbeth." It was a pleasure which we, for one, shall not soon forget. Whatever fault may be found with Forrest's style, his physique, or with his idea of the character which he renders, no one can deny that that idea is one vigorous, consistent conception throughout, and acted with absolute perfectness of careful detail.

Any one seeing Forrest for the first time in Macbeth, would be apt to wonder a little at the general impression of the character of his acting. We found in his "Macbeth" no rant, no fustian, no sacrifice of the consistency of the character represented for the sake of "points." On the contrary, so free from these faults was his style, that it would be very possible to overlook the careful finish of the portraiture, and find fault with its monotony of gloomy grandeur.

Macbeth, whose character we account, with the exception of Hamlet, the most metaphysical of Shakspeare's creations, and that which is susceptible of the most varied interpretation, comes before us, not the gallant, careless soldier, which he is often represented in the first scene of his appearance, but a man in whose soul all evil ambitions and cruelties already lurk, waiting one touch to start up full grown. At the prophecy of the weird sisters they spring at once to light in all their horrid proportions. In this, Forrest's delineation of the character differs greatly from that of that fine and true actor, Edwin Booth, who in his role of Macbeth showed us the struggle of a noble nature with temptations which were suggested to him by "metaphysical aid" too strongly to be overcome. We remember in Booth's Macbeth a terrible pathos in the struggle between his better and his worse nature in the soliloquy beginning—

"If it were well when 'tis done, then 'twere
well
It were done quickly,"

and in the remorse which follows the deed. Forrest's rendering, more powerful in many respects, does not so much affect us in this way. It is the nervousness of irresolution which makes his voice tremble, and the restless shaking hands fumble convulsively at the hilt of his dagger, and it is sheer relief from his agony of doubt which brightens his face and fills his voice as his partner in guilt succeeds in persuading him to

"Bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

After the brief reaction following the consummation of the deed, he never falters. Even in the banquet scene, it is rage, rather than fear or remorse, that possesses him, as the bloody apparition of Banquo confronts him. So in the Witches' cavern. His answer to the spirit's adjuration,

"Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth."

Mac.—"Had I three ears, I'd hear thee;"

was very striking in its fierce, dogged resolution.

In the last act our interest was again heightened by the contrast between Forrest's Macbeth and Booth's. The strongest characteristics of the latter were tiger like ferocity and energy, waxing fiercer as his fate closed round him. If *that* was the caged tiger, *this* was the baited wild bull, whose fierce, sullen rage was almost stolid in its resistance and hatred. So to the last combat, when his life seemed to ebb visibly away with each aimless, persistent dagger thrust, desperately stubborn, like the bull when the matador has made his fatal stroke.

This ponderous style may not always have been Forrest's idea of the character, but it perfectly suits his personal characteristics now. Such a carefully thought out and thoroughly acted representation as this must needs be of interest and assistance to every critical student of Shakspeare; and on this account we have dwelt so long upon it.

The numerous new readings of the text which were given we do not much care for. They were ingenious, but sometimes forced. For instance,

"Hang out your banners: on the outward walls
The cry is still, 'They come,'"

seems to us a severe wresting of a plain reading for the sake of a novel hit.

We cannot omit to mention a remarkable

point of stage "business" in the dagger scene, which, though quite unauthorized by the text, was introduced with great effect.

As Macbeth creeps with stealthy steps toward Duncan's chamber, the three weird sisters appear in the dusky background, and with wild, silent gestures seem to

"Marshal him the way that he is going."

It is a little questionable whether such a suggestion of absolute fate forcing him to the execution of his bloody purpose, is consistent with the scope and spirit of the play.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW. In three Lectures. Delivered in Boston, January, 1860. By CAROLINE H. DALL, author of "Woman's Right to Labor," "Historical Pictures Retouched," &c. Boston, Walker, Wise & Co. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Criticism upon such a work as that before us is, to a sincere desirer of human and society progress, a task to be entered upon with hesitation. While we think we see in it, as in other publications on the same subject, many fallacies and one-sided views, there is yet such a core of truth in these complaints against woman's present *status* in the world, that we fear to do injustice to that view of the subject by freely stating our convictions in reference to the mistakes and misapprehensions connected with its consideration.

Woman's relations to man, to the world, and even to herself are undoubtedly in some points disorganized and false. So are the relations of man and man, of nation and nation, of labor and capital, of moral, political, and social life in all their branches. Each true-hearted reformer, bending under the cross of martyrdom imposed by a burning sense of wrong done and suffering endured, may well exclaim,

"The time is out of joint;—oh, cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

So infinite is the task, as broad and deep as the sin that lies at the root of all evils.

Life is a compromise, and abstract truth is not a possible rule when dealing with defective materials. The very law upon which our Democratic government,—the best, we believe, that the world is yet capable of fulfilling,—is founded, the law that the majority shall rule, is a violation of the rights of the minority.

But how, this side of the millennium, shall we compound these jarring claims? Woman's Rights under the Law (Woman's Wrongs by the Law being understood) should then be considered with the question always in view,—Does the present law secure the greatest good to the greatest number? and, secondly, can the points which incommode the minority be altered without more serious wrong being done to the majority?

This view is precisely the one which is not taken in this earnest little treatise, which is essentially womanly in its manner of treating the subject. We mean by this no slight whatever to the womanly intellect, whose methods are in their own way most valuable, though that way is not the one by which laws are framed. If it is true that woman "reasons from generalities," it is equally true that she "dwells in particulars." We are, accordingly, not surprised to find the view of Law taken by the author of this book determined by the fact that it fails to suit this, that, or the other individual case. This wife suffers under the law which allows her worthless husband to consume the fruit of her labor; that unmarried woman is shut out from some lucrative and suitable employment; a widowed mother suffers by the will of an unjust husband, who partly or entirely deprives her of the guardianship of her children; Mrs. Norton, lovely and gifted, suffers everything that the brute who calls himself her husband can wrest from the letter of the English law. These wrongs are real, and not to be palliated or thought lightly of. Yet we think the evil lies far deeper than the laws which are supposed to cause these wrongs, and that woman's right of suffrage, which is urged as the efficient remedy for all these disorders, would be far indeed from being found so. What law could shield a wife from the man who is the father of her children, and holds her life so closely entwined with his? Nothing, short of a spiritual law, which should reform his selfish nature.

Let us match the individual instances of our authoress by one of our own. A woman whom we know, married under happy auspices, but found her husband cursed with an evil temper which in time degenerated even to the brutality of blows.

She left him and returned to her parents' roof—but he soon followed her, professing penitence, promising never again to ill-use her, and entreating her return. She finally consented to go with him; and then, as they were leaving the house together, he (a Quaker by birth and education,) whispered in her ear, "Thee will find there are ways to work on a woman beside beating her." The result of this poor woman's trial of "the tender mercies of the wicked" need not be told. This case, which law would not have met, is an instance, not an argument. The truth in respect to the laws regarding married women is simply that they are, like other rules, made for the majority, not the exceptions. This is, in fact, the point of the complaint made against them. Mrs. Dall says:—

"In this plain statement of the old black-letter book (Lane's Revolution of Woman's Rights) lies the root of the evil with which we contend: 'All of them are married, or to be married, and their desires are to their husbands.' Woman, single, widowed, or pursuing an independent vocation, never seems to have entered the head of the law as a possible monster worth providing for."

The statement of the "old black-letter book" is strictly true in so immense a majority of cases, that the minority is barely recognized as existing. That the law does not fetter this minority, and that its members can, when there is sufficient natural faculty, achieve their own freedom, is proved by the remarks in this book upon Rosa Bonheur. "This artist has asked no leave to be of church or society. 'I have no patience,' she once said, 'with women who ask permission to think. Let women establish their claims by great and good works, not by conventions.' She took the whole world in her two brave woman's hands, found her inheritance, and resolved to enjoy it."

So, we say, sisters, let it be with you. Find your inheritance, and you will find, too, that if "public opinion educates woman," the reverse is even more true.

The point of this book, as in most other arguments for Woman's Rights, is to claim the extension of suffrage and of public and state offices to women. This is withheld, we are told, through blind prejudice. May we ask why men *should* be prejudiced against their mothers, their wives, their sisters, and their daughters? Is it not rather possible that there is some ground for that universal belief in the organic diversity of the sexes unfitting each to perform the special duties of the other, which, in spite of the cry of "obsolete trash!" will not be argued out of the human mind?

Mrs. Norton, champion as she is of Woman's Rights under the Law, gives us in "Stuart of Dunleath" a sweeping generalization which, if admitted as true, would declare woman's unfitness for the forum, the halls of legislation, and the judge's seat. She says:—"If any proof were needed of the inferiority of intellect in women, it would be found in their treatment of each other. They are all and always *unjust;* they are often kind.—You can have tenderness, pity, enthusiasm, self sacrifice, anything from them except justice. That is the male virtue. For that they have neither courage nor comprehension. If they uphold a cause, it is because they are 'so sorry' for some one. Often they are 'sorry,' and yet dare not for their lives uphold." This is sweepingly severe. We do not account the lack of that breadth of view and impartiality of judgment which is called "justice," as either a fault or a weakness in woman. She is best fitted for the specialities in which she dwells, and in these a woman's intuitions are more unerring than a man's reasonings.

As to discussions of the superiority and inferiority of either sex, we might expect from arguers upon these points further disputes as to whether heat or light is the best quality of the sun, and which should be allowed the larger share in forming the life and beauty of the universe.

The relation of man and woman to each other is a Union, not a Confederation.—Each family is a unit, and as such speaks by one voice its wishes and commands to the state, as the state to the nation, and the nation to the world.

PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.—A petition has been prepared at New York by a number of prominent men, including the poet Bryant, W. Curtis Noyes, Edgar Ketchum, Rev. Dr. Cheever, &c., &c., and recommended for general adoption and circulation. It reads as follows:—

To the President of the United States and to Congress:—

The people of the United States represent: That they recognize as lying at the very foundation of our Government, on which has been erected the fabric of our free institutions, the solemn and undying truth that by nature, all men are endowed with an unalienable right to liberty.

That, so far as this great truth has been in any respect departed from, by any of our people, or by any course of events, the toleration of such departure has been caused by an overshadowing attachment to the Union, and by conscientious fidelity to those with whom we had voluntarily united in forming a great example of Free Government.

That such departure—whether willing or unwilling, whether excusable or censurable—has nevertheless given birth to a mighty power in our midst—a power which has consigned 4 000 000 of our people to Slavery and arrayed 6,000,000 in rebellion against the very existence of our Government; which for three quarters of a century, has disturbed the peace and harmony of the nation, and which has now armed nearly half a million of people against that Union which has been hitherto so dear to the lovers of Freedom throughout the world.

That by the very act of the Slave Power itself we have, all of us, been released from every obligation to tolerate any longer its existence among us.

That we are admonished—and day by day the conviction is gathering strength among us—that no harmony can be restored to the nation, no peace brought back to the people, no perpetuity secured to our Union, no permanency established for our Government, no hope elicited for the continuance of our freedom, until Slavery shall be wiped out of the land utterly and forever.

Therefore, we who now address you, as co-heirs with you in the great inheritance of Freedom, and as free men of America, most earnestly urge upon the President and upon Congress,

That, amid the varied events which are constantly occurring, and which will more and more occur, during the momentous struggle in which we are engaged, such measures may be adopted as will insure emancipation to all the people throughout the whole land, and thus complete the work which the Revolution began.

NEW PROOF OF THE GREAT ATTACHMENT OF SLAVEHOLDERS TO THEIR SLAVES.—Gen. Jim Lane told this story in a recent speech at Boston, as illustrating the great degree of attachment that their owners have for the poor slaves:—

"I have half a mind to relate an anecdote to show how the slaveholders cling to their property. [Voice—'do it; do it.'] Well, I will. We were marching to Springfield—I was in the rear of the column—when I was informed by one of my men that a woman in great distress wanted to see me. I told him to bring her to me, and he did. She was a big, brawny woman, fat, and over forty, and was crying. I asked her what the matter was. She said, 'My two sons have joined the Confederate army, and now your soldiers have taken my two niggers.' Said I, 'My good woman, this is not the worst thing that could happen to you. I am on the track of your sons, and I shall probably catch them in a day or two and hang them.' [Laughter.] She threw her arms around my neck and said: 'General Lane, you may do what you want with my sons, if you'll only return the niggers.' [Great laughter.] I disengaged myself from her embrace, but didn't promise to return her niggers."

WE learn from Kentucky that the rebels there on the route of the advance column of Union troops are driving cattle into the ponds and watering places, and slaying them there, in order to pollute the water and make it unfit for the use of our soldiers. Doubtful.

From the Atlantic Monthly for February.

AT PORT ROYAL.—1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outside,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles:
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

[SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMAN.]

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord He come
To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'trong as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbles gone;
He leab de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord; He gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:
An' now He open every door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub Him so before,
We lub Him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That lawa of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom—
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!

QUICK.—It is a matter of curiosity as to how quick communication may be made by means of the telegraph. A short time since, an experiment was tried to illustrate the point. It was agreed that a telegrapher at New York city, in communication with Chicago, Illinois, should write the letter S—which is done by making three dots—and that a Chicago telegrapher should instantly, on hearing the dots, respond by making the same signs. The plan was carried out successfully, and the paper on the register at New York showed that the dots made by both operators stood so nearly together that it was impossible to write a single dot between the characters representing the two's.

AN AUSTRIAN BRIDE'S OUTFIT.—The Austrian Gazette states that Baron de Sina, whose daughter is to be married in January next, to Prince Ypsilanti, has ordered that the wedding outfit of the bride shall only consist of articles either manufactured or purchased in the Austrian Empire. In order to give an idea of this outfit, it will suffice to say that fifty women have been exclusively employed during the last three months in making the body linen of the bride elect.

NEWS ITEMS.

FORT PICKENS.—On the 1st instant the batteries of Fort Pickens opened fire on the rebel steamer Times as she was landing stores at the Navy-yard. The rebel batteries replied, and the firing continued all day. Warrington was set on fire by our shells and hot shot, and the conflagration raged all night. A large breach was made in Fort Barrancas.

FROM the blockade of Wilmington, N. C., we learn that the United States steamer Mount Vernon on New Year night burned the light ship which was stolen by the rebels. This feat was accomplished by our brave sailors under the very guns of Fort Caswell, where the vessel was being fitted up as a rebel gunboat.

A DISPATCH from Gen. Grant, dated the 16th, shows that his force was then within 12 miles of Columbus.

GOVERNOR DAWSON left Salt Lake City December 21st, on account of a personal difficulty. When twelve miles east of the town he was pursued, whipped and robbed by seven men, three of whom were subsequently killed by the officers in attempting to arrest them. The rest were taken.

A DISPATCH from Rolla, Mo., says that Gen. Sigel had gone west from there at the head of a brigade, and would probably assume the command of the division.

THE Mississippi at St. Louis is entirely gorged with ice, and navigation suspended.—The troops were being sent to Cairo by railroad.

THE case of Capt. Chauncey McKeever, Adjutant-General of Fremont, who was placed under arrest at the time the latter was relieved from command of the West, has been dismissed, and he is now the mustering-in officer of the army.

IT is reported that the rebel envoys, Mason and Slidell, arrived safely at St. George, Bermuda, on the 9th inst., and that they sailed for St. Thomas on the 10th, with the intention of taking passage at that point for England.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S bill, introduced in the Senate, provides that any army officer who shall knowingly sign any receipts for goods or munitions of war without said articles are perfect or good, or sign false invoices, shall be tried by court martial and suffer death if found guilty; that any civilian who shall, while acting for the Department, be guilty of the same, shall be tried by civil court, and suffer the penalty of death.

CASSIUS M. CLAY had not left his post at St. Petersburg at the last accounts, but he has been informed by the State Department that his request to be recalled will be acceded to, and a command in Kentucky be given him. He will not leave, it is thought, until his successor reaches there. Should Gen. Cameron be confirmed, he will be on his way thence inside of a month.

SO FAR, about one thousand prisoners on each side have been exchanged, nearly five hundred of whom were connected with the army of the Potomac. The system of exchanges inaugurated by our Government is fully reciprocated by the rebel authorities.

OUR ARMY.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes as follows:—"By returns in the War Department up to the 22nd of December, I learn that the mortality in our army since the war broke out will reach 22,000 men. The number killed in battle, skirmishes, &c., is about 11,000, and the number wounded, 17,000. These figures may appear startling to a great many, but they are reliable. The number of prisoners South, and soldiers deserted and missing, is about 6,000. The entire strength of our army, as by returns in the Adjutant General's office, foots up 521,000; and about 480,000 now reported as fit for service."

"JAYHAWKER."—The Leavenworth Conservative says this term was first applied to Col. Jennison, for this reason. Jennison is a native of New York, and being a jovial fellow, his comrades always spoke of him as the "Gay Yorker." This expression was afterwards used to designate his men, and in its various travels naturally underwent many changes, until at last it crystalized into Jayhawker.

SENATORS LANE.—The public frequently get the names of the three United States Senators Lane confounded. Joseph Lane was one of the first representatives in the Senate from the State of Oregon, and his term expired with the last Congress. He ran on the ticket with John C. Breckinridge for Vice President, in 1860. James H. Lane was elected to the Senate from Kansas, but has recently accepted a Brigadier-Generalship in the army. Henry S. Lane is now one of the Senators from Indiana.

GEN. HALLECK'S FOOLISH ORDER.—A recent telegram from Cairo, says:—

"Six negroes from Columbus came to Fort Holt, to day, riding some rebel cavalry horses they had run off with from camp. The horses were taken, *but the negroes were told to go back, and sent beyond the lines.*"

A published letter from Paducah, also states that some of our officers there have repeatedly delivered fugitive slaves up to their masters, *for money*, varying from $20 to $130. This may be "military necessity;" but Gen. Lyon never engaged in slave-hunting, and Gen. Fremont did not return a single fugitive who sought protection in our lines.

THE SITUATION ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA SEABOARD.—The Charleston correspondent of the Richmond Examiner, writing under date of Jan. 5, gives the following as "the situation" on the seaboard:—

"All accounts seem to agree as to the fact that the Yankee gunboats are admirably managed. They range at will up and down the little bayous of the coast, and their rifled guns are always served with great precision. It was probably the consideration of this great advantage, which the enemy possess, that has induced Gen. Lee to fall back from the shore line of the main, and to choose his position for a final stand about 3 miles from the Coosa River. The position of the hostile forces at this time may be briefly stated, as follows:—The enemy, by means of his gunboats, holds command of Broad River and St. Helena Sound, with all the intervening islands. His troops also occupy the main land just opposite to Port Royal ferry, and can now possess themselves, whenever they please, of the rest of the main shore opposite to Port Royal Island, making, in all, a tract of about six miles long, and half a mile wide, immediately bordering on the Coosa River. This tract has been abandoned altogether by the Confederate forces, which have receded about three miles toward the railroad, leaving a strip of rice lands, averaging two miles in width, separating them from the positions yielded to the enemy. These rice-fields have been all "flowed" or inundated, by military authority, so that there are now only a few narrow roads by which the Yankees can push forward toward the interior. Should they advance, of course they must abandon the support of the gunboats, and trust to their own strength upon the land."

☞ In view of a probable war with Great Britain and an invasion from Canada, the people of Brockport have become alarmed, and are looking to the defences of the village. The Republican suggests that the only thing that can be done to keep the British out, is to shut down the two toll gates on the road leading north, as nobody would pass those abominations who could possibly help it.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH.

From Hannay's lecture on Satire and Satirists, I quote the following paragraphs. They contain the briefest and best accounts one could have of the hero and heroine of Charles Reade's new and very entertaining romance:—

"In the latter half of the fifteenth century, one Gerard, of the town of Tergon, within the boundaries of the Germanic empire, was enslaved by the attractions of Margaret, the daughter of Peter, a physician of Sevenbergen. Gerard was a lively and genial man, as we are told, and this was undoubtedly the opinion of the physicians' daughter. Gerard wooed her, promised to wed her, and she believed him. Poor Margaret, indeed, believed him only too implicitly, and the result was, that, in the neighboring city of Rotterdam, she gave birth one day to Erasmus. Gerard, the genial, had occasion, it seems, to be at Rome. He was bound homeward, however, to fulfil his promise, when his relations wrote to him that Margaret was dead. Struck with shame and repentance he rushed into priests' orders; and when he came again to Holland, learned that Margaret was still living, but found that he had raised an impassable barrier to matrimony forever. They lived apart; and when the boy was about twelve years old, they both died in quick succession, leaving (as a kind of compensation to Europe for the laws they had broken) this fair-haired, gray-eyed boy, destined to be at the head of the republic of letters in the sixteenth century."

HOW NAPOLEON PUNISHED SWINDLING IN HIS ARMY.—Just before the great battle of Wagram, while the army was encamped on the Island of Lobau, near Vienna, Napoleon walked one day with one of his Marshals on the shore, passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my friends," said he, "I hope you find the wine good?" "It will not make us drunk," replied one; "there is our cellar," pointing to the river Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and made an immediate inquiry. He found that forty thousand bottles sent by him a few days before, for the army, had been purloined and were unaccounted for by the Commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial and condemned to be shot, which sentence was speedily carried into execution. Here was a venal offence, insignificant, indeed, when compared with the frauds upon the urgent wants and necessities of our soldiers, recently brought to light, but it received a severe and merited punishment. A few such examples in our army would do a world of good.

THE MORTAR FLOTILLA.—Among the many expeditions for the southern coast or rivers now being fitted out, or recently dispatched, one very important one, Capt. Porter's mortar flotilla, has been almost unnoticed, or when spoken of, has been confounded with the mortar flotilla in the West. It is now being fitted out in New York, and the arrangements are so nearly completed, that within a fortnight it may be expected to sail for some point in Dixie, at present unknown to all, save the officers originating the expedition. This week, in fact, one division is expected to take its departure. The flotilla is to consist of 23 schooners, each of which will carry one 13-inch mortar.

Capt. D. D. Porter will be the commander of the expedition, and under him will be three lieutenants of the navy, in charge of the three divisions of the flotilla: Lieut. Watson Smith, Lieut. W. W. Queen, and Lieut. K. Randolph Breese. Lieut. Queen's division is the one expected to sail this week. They will go out under sealed orders, and the officers of the expedition appear very unwilling to divulge anything which may lead even to a suspicion of their destination.

Whether some place of rendezvous is appointed for the flotilla, whether in separate divisions they are to join some other secret expedition, or whether they will act separately upon different points of the southern coast, simultaneously, there are no means of knowing. Some of the vessels are at Greenpoint, others at the navy yard, and others are scattered along the wharves of the East and North rivers. All are sound, sea going vessels, the officers in charge are men of discretion and experience, and we may expect to hear of their adding new laurels to the records of the navy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

RUMOR OF AN ATTACK ON NORFOLK.—FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 17.—It is confidently asserted that Gen. Wool sent a notice to-day to Gen. Huger, at Norfolk, to remove the women and children from that city.

The steamer Minnesota to-day took down her topmasts and spars, and will, it is said, proceed to Elizabeth river (on which Norfolk is situated) to night, with the frigate Cumberland.

The steamer Pensacola is also lying here, and every evidence of active naval operations is apparent.

The Southern papers say they have no news of Burnside's expedition.

☞ All the French papers announce that the member of Congress who proposed the vote of thanks to Capt. Wilkes, Mr. Lovejoy, is a Frenchman by birth, named *Lobgeois.* This will be, perhaps, news to the honorable member from Illinois.

☞ At a lecture recently delivered at Newcastle upon-Tyne, England, by Jessie Meriton White, she affirmed that Cavour pledged the island of Sardinia to France before he died, and that Louis Napoleon is only waiting the proper minute to seize his prey. This accords with the assertions lately made by Mr. Roebuck.

☞ BREAKERS AHEAD.—Tossing amid "a sea of trouble" the Southerners are naturally in constant dread of being overwhelmed by the serfs.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ It is not so much the finding of truth, as the honest search for it, that benefits us.

☞ When the plough was first introduced into South Africa, one of the Caffre lords exclaimed, "See how the thing tears up the ground with its mouth! It is worth more than five wives!"

☞ It is a significant fact that while our soldiers held prisoners by the rebels are suffering every deprivation, the rebel prisoners at Fort Warren are so well treated that twelve or fifteen of them declined to be exchanged, preferring their good living in the fort to returning to their regiments!

LATEST NEWS.

FEDERAL VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

GEN. SCHOEPFF DEFEATS THE REBEL GEN. ZOLLICOFFER—GEN. ZOLLICOFFER KILLED—LOSS HEAVY ON BOTH SIDES.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 20.—A battle was fought at Somerset, Ky., on Saturday, between the Federal troops under Gen. Schoepff, and the rebels under Gen. Zollicoffer.

The engagement was commenced in the morning, and lasted till nightfall.

Gen. Zollicoffer was killed, and his army entirely defeated.

The loss is heavy on both sides.

THE FEDERAL VICTORY CONFIRMED

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 20.—Gen. Thomas telegraphs to headquarters that on Friday night Gen. Zollicoffer came up to his encampment, and attacked him at six o'clock on Saturday morning, near Webb's Cross-roads, in the vicinity of Somerset.

At half-past three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Zollicoffer and Baillie Peyton had been killed, and the rebels were in full retreat to their entrenchments, at Mill Springs.

The Federal troops were in hot pursuit.

No further particulars have been received, nor any account of the losses on either side.

FROM CAIRO.

THE LATEST FROM THE WESTERN SEAT OF WAR—RECONNOISSANCE TO COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.

CHICAGO, *Jan. 18—Twelve miles from Columbus, Jan.,* 16 9 *o'clock P. M.*—A heavy reconnoissance was made this afternoon by Gen. Grant and staff, with Ostrand's cavalry, resulting in the obtaining of reliable information of all the routes leading out of Columbus towards Blandville and other towns. A distance of over forty miles was made in six hours. No rebels were discovered, although at one time the reconnoitring party was within five miles of Columbus. A gentleman, formerly of Lynn, Mass., from New Orleans, reached here last night. He had passes from Georgia to pass the rebel lines at New Madrid and New Orleans.

On Saturday the rebels were in the greatest perturbation on account of the movements of the United States troops. The general opinion was that the troops were bound for the Tennessee River. The people in this section expect the direst calamities to fall on them in the coming struggle; but, as far as possible, take no sides since the Government troops have been in their midst.

Captains Murdock and Webster returned last night from an expedition to Bloomfield. It was a complete success, capturing forty of the enemy, among them a lieutenant colonel, two surgeons, one adjutant, and three captains.

Capt. Phelps, with the gunboat Conestoga, made a reconnoissance up the Tennessee river to-day, and shelled a point just below Fort Henry, where a masked battery was supposed to be, but he did not succeed in drawing its fire.

FROM KENTUCKY.

ADVANCE OF THE GREEN RIVER COLUMN—PROBABLE RETREAT OF THE REBELS FROM BOWLING GREEN.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 19.—A special dispatch to the Commercial, from Indianapolis, says that four Indiana regiments of the Green River column have advanced to the south of Carrollton, and will soon occupy Rochester. This is directly in front of Bowling Green. Gen. Buell is concentrating a powerful force at Green River, and it is said that he is now ready for a forward movement.

The rebels at and around Bowling Green are destroying the railroad, felling trees across the track, and doing everything to retard the progress of our army. It is said that they are making every preparation to evacuate that place upon the approach of our army.

A BATTLE AT SILVER CREEK—THE REBELS UNDER POINDEXTER DEFEATED—OFFICIAL REPORT.—An official report from Major-General Halleck, of Missouri, has been received, announcing that Major Hubbard's cavalry attacked a rebel force of 900 men at Silver Creek, in Howard county, under Col. Poindexter, on the 18th inst., and routed them. The enemy's loss was 40 killed and 60 wounded. Our loss was 6 killed and 19 wounded. We captured 160 horses, 60 wagons, 105 tents, 80 kegs of power, 200 guns, and 28 prisoners.

THE EVACUATION OF ROANOKE ISLAND CONFIRMED—PREPARATIONS FOR THE BOMBARDMENT OF NORFOLK.—The President has received a private dispatch corroborating the statement that the rebels have abandoned Roanoke Island, in Albemarle Sound; also, Yorktown, and that Gen. Wool has given the Norfolk authorities notice to remove the women and children. The Wise legion has gone to Norfolk.

HEAVY CANNONADING AT ALBEMARLE SOUND.—BALTIMORE, Jan. 18.—Intelligence was received at Old Point, last evening, that heavy cannonading was heard at Norfolk, in the direction of Albemarle Sound, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning.

THE PIRATE SUMTER REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SUNK.—NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The Commercial of this evening says a private dispatch has been received, stating that the pirate Sumter has been sunk by a U. S. gunboat near Cadiz.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.—ROLLA, Jan. 18.—The indications are that all the troops at this point will move westward, except one or two regiments to guard the post. The enemy's pickets extended fourteen miles from Springfield, and Price's force is estimated at about 12 000.

AN official order from Gen. McClellan directs that no more furloughs or leaves of absence be granted either to men or officers of the army of the Potomac at present, except upon medical certificate.

IT is now ascertained that three more naval and military expeditions are in progress, one at Annapolis, one at Philadelphia, and one at New York.

JACKSON'S rebel army has disappeared from the Potomac, opposite Hancock, and is supposed to have gone to Winchester.

THE baggage train of Gen. McClellan and staff is now ready, and once more an early onward movement is predicted.

COTTON BEING SMUGGLED NORTH.—Washington, Jan. 18.—The Richmond papers of Thursday contain the following despatch:—

"NASHVILLE, Dec. 14.—It has been ascertained that a considerable quantity of cotton and sugar have recently been sent in wagons, through Kentucky, to the Ohio river, for the North. It is supposed the goods were sent from Clarksville."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The report that Gen Wool has sent a notification to Norfolk to remove the women and children out of that city, is not confirmed by official intelligence.

☞ What an amount of American history our grandchildren will have to read and study. It is quite a consolation to think we were born before the additional brain tax will be imposed.

☞ Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, who lived before Christ, 550 years, wrote:—"Do unto others as thou would'st be dealt with thyself. Thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation of all the rest."

EVENING.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Hark! hear the sleet against the pane—
And hear the wild winds blow!
It chills me with a shuddering dread,
This heavy heaping snow—
I cannot bear that all night long
The drifts should deepen so.

Oh, darling, that this storm should beat
Upon thy lonesome bed!
Oh, darling, that this drifting snow
Should heap above thy head,
And I not there to shelter thee,
And bear the storm instead!

I trim anew the glowing fire—
The flames leap merrily—
I make the lamp-light bright and clear—
Thou art not here to see—
Ah, since I sit here all alone
What are they all to me?

Oh, dreary hearth! oh, lonesome life!
Oh, empty heart and home!
It is not home to me, wherein
Thy dear feet never come—
There is no meaning in the word
Since thy loved lips are dumb!

Oh, all in vain the bright flames dance,
The ruddy embers glow—
I shiver in the mellow light,
Because, alas, I know
The snow-drifts heap above thy sleep—
This heavy, heaping snow!

—*Portland Transcript.*

AFTER LONG YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

It must be more than sixty years ago, for I am seventy-nine, and then I was only sixteen, and head-girl at the Ravensbourne school, when one day my Lady Ravensbourne came in to speak to the matron. I call her my lady, though by rights she was only Mrs. Ravensbourne, for to us she was far grander than any duchess, and all the village spoke of her as "my lady." She wanted a kitchen-maid; and the matron called me up, and said a good word for me; and then my lady asked in her gentle way if I should like to live at the Hall. I hardly knew what to say between pleasure and bashfulness, but somehow it seemed all settled, and three weeks after, I went to Ravensbourne Park. Well, that time has not much to do with my story, but it was then that I first came to know and love my lady so well. I soon grew quite happy there, in spite of missing mother at first; for my lady was so kind, and took such care that we servants should be comfortable, that the place was like another home to me. I did not care so much about the squire, and was a bit afraid of him, for he had a loud voice, and a sharp way of speaking; but he was very fond of my lady, and let her persuade him into doing a great many kind things that he never would have thought of by himself.

I had been at the Hall about ten years, and had become one of the head-housemaids, and Master Edgar—that was their only child—was just thirteen, when there came a sad change in the house. My lady died. She had been ailing for long, but had still gone about, though looking sadly white and thin, till one day she was found sitting in her arm-chair by the open window, dead. The squire would never see before how ill she was, and now, when this great shock came, it seemed almost to stun him: he shut himself up alone, and when the funeral was over, had his things packed, and without a word to any one, set off for France with only his own man with him. A week later, Mrs. Gower, the housekeeper, had a letter bidding her dismiss most of the servants, since he should be away some time. Master Edgar was at school when his mother died; but in the holidays he used to come down to Ravensbourne, and except for him, we hardly saw a soul in the house from year's end to year's end. I was one of the few who stayed, and oh, how lonely it seemed! all my dear lady's rooms and the squire's shut up, and so many of the servants gone, till sometimes I thought I would give up my place, and seek another service; but then I knew I should pine to be back at Ravensbourne, altered though it was. So it went on for three years, while Master Edgar grew taller and handsomer every day, and so merry and pleasant; though he was a bit willful, and no wonder, left all to himself, with no one to look after him, for the squire never sent for him, though he wrote often, and Master Edgar always told us he was coming home soon.

News came at last, but not such as we had looked for. The squire was going to marry again. It was a French lady whom he had chosen to fill the place of our dear mistress; and when we knew this, we were right glad that the squire did not intend, as his letter told us, to come to England at present, though he wished his late wife's apartments to be re-furnished at once for his new bride. How angry we felt, and so I think did Master Edgar, though he said nothing, for a red flush came over his face when Mrs. Gower told him we had heard it, and he would frown and bite his lip whenever he caught sight of the carpenters and paper-hangers at work in the house. We hated the thought of the Frenchwoman who was to reign at Ravensbourne; but we need not have feared, for she never came. At the end of a year, another little son was born to the squire, and at the same time his wife died. I fancy it was no very bitter grief to him, for Marston, his man, told us afterwards he thought it was a marriage made in haste, and repented at leisure, the squire looked so much more unhappy after it than before. However that might be, he seemed tired of France, and perhaps he was afraid of being caught by another artful Frenchwoman, for home he came as suddenly as he had gone, leaving the little babe with some of its foreign relations. He looked older and paler, but he seemed very glad to be at Ravensbourne, and with Master Edgar again. My lady's rooms were shuttered up again, and their gay furniture covered over, and the squire and his son lived in another part of the house, and were very happy, riding and shooting together. Only one thing came in time to be a sore grief to the old squire, and that was, that his son would not marry. He had set his heart upon it, and seemed to long to have a woman's gentle, loving ways about him again; but say what he would, the young squire only laughed, and made answer that there was plenty of time, and he wanted no change just yet.—So the years went on, and at last his father seemed to give up the notion, and only gave a deep sigh now and then, when he passed the empty rooms, or looked up at the great picture of my lady in the gallery.

But at last, when the young master was nigh upon thirty, the news began to get about that he was to be married, and no one doubted it who saw his father's beaming face. The young squire was very little at Ravensbourne while the courting went on, for the lady lived far up in the North, where he had first met her and fallen in love while on a shooting visit. But in the bright summer weather they were married, and he brought her home. There were great rejoicings, arches of flowers, and bells ringing, and flags flying, and all the servants drawn up in the oak-hall, and the old squire walking up and down there, and not able to be still for an instant. When at last we heard the wheels, he was out on the steps in an instant, and stood there with his white hair waving in the wind, ready to lift his daughter-in-law from the carriage. They came in together, she leaning on his arm, and her husband on her other side; and when they were in the hall, the squire welcomed her to her new home, and then turned to us, and bade us all obey her as our mistress. She wore a veil when she came in, but while he spoke, she put it back, and oh, what a lovely, blushing face she had! She was very young—only nineteen, they said—but yet she looked as dignified and earnest as any woman could, while she said in a clear, sweet voice, that "she hoped to have strength given her to do her duty, and be a good mistress to us all."

The squire never looked sad now, and his son seemed blither than ever, as he walked and rode with his wife. Often, too, she drove with the old squire, or read to him, and it seemed truly as if a new light had found its way into the old home. They had been married about two years, when Master Jasper, the squire's other son, first came to England. His father had been to see him twice in France, but never seemed to care much for him, and when he came to Ravensbourne, no one wondered at this. He was a sallow-faced lad of sixteen, with a lowering look, and a foreign accent, that grated sorely on English ears; but for all that, and his sullen manner, I could not but pity him sometimes, he seemed so to stand alone among those who loved each other so dearly. My lady did indeed try to be kind to him, but he shrank away from her, and used to wander all day in the fields and woods alone. Once when I was brushing out my lady's beautiful hair (for I was her maid now), we saw Master Jasper crossing the park. She followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, and then said with a sigh:—

"I think I could be fond of that boy if he did not hate my husband so."

"Hate my young master!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered sorrowfully. "I have seen him watching him often; I have seen the hatred in his face. Oh, I wish he were not here."

"The squire would send him away at once, if you wish it, my lady," I said.

"No, no," she answered hastily; "I could never wish it; it would not be right. This is where he ought to be, and I must learn to feel so."

It happened, strangely enough, that two days after this I myself saw, for the first time, the look of which she spoke. The young squire was going out riding, and was standing by the steps, with the horse's bridle over his arm while he spoke to my lady; presently Master Jasper came down the steps, touched the horse sharply with his cane as he passed, and then strolled on, while the startled animal, breaking from his master's hold, galloped down the road. Mr. Edgar called one of the stablemen to catch the horse, and then striding after his brother, struck him with his riding-whip, and asked how he dared meddle with his horse. The lad made no answer, but I was standing near at the time, and the dark look on his face I never forgot. When his brother, two minutes after, turned round, and holding out his hand, said he was sorry to have been so violent, the other silently put the outstretched hand aside.

"I should not like you ever to be in Jasper's power," I heard the squire say afterwards to his wife; and she answered calmly: "I hope I am never likely to be." That same evening Master Jasper was closeted for two hours with his father, and the next day we heard that by his own desire he was going back to his old home in France. There was peace at Ravensbourne after he left; and when five years later, a son and heir was given to my master and mistress, their cup of blessing seemed filled to the brim. I think they had given up wishing; but I had known, in spite of my lady's cheerfulness, that it was a sore disappointment to her to have no child; and now when it came, she could not restrain her joy. We heard her singing in the garden and the house, and her step was light, and her eyes sparkled from morning to night. How she loved that boy! She would sit by the hour dancing him on her knee, or watching him sleeping; and when he was in her arms, her beautiful face had such a glow of pride and pleasure. Ah, we were all happy then; for until that time a fear had been with us, that when Master Edgar died, Master Jasper would have Ravensbourne Park. Very soon the little fellow's merry crowings sounded over the house; and his mother used to watch amilingly while the old squire mounted him on his foot, or his own father tossed him in his arms. I like to think about those days, the more, perhaps, because even now I almost fear to bring back the memory of the time which followed, and changed my lady's life from joy to mourning. For that time came only too soon!

CHAPTER II.

The little boy—Gerald they had called him—was just beginning to trot about the house, when one day my young master went out hunting. He was to be home by sunset. But just as the sun dipped down among the trees, the groom rode into the stable-yard alone, his horse covered with foam, and told us breathlessly that his master had been thrown, in galloping down a steep hill, and that since they lifted him up, he had neither moved nor spoken. My lady heard the news without a tear, though the look in her sweet face went to my heart. She only said she would go to him at once; and she and the squire started off on horseback to the cottage, fifteen miles away, where he lay senseless. He just revived to draw her to his breast, and murmur what a blessing she had ever been to him, and then breathed his last upon her shoulder. They brought her home; and five days later she stood beside his grave, and then turned away, when all was over, still calm and quiet, striving to soothe his broken-hearted father.

But when she put aside her long crape veil, and lifting her boy, held him tightly to her heart, I knew by her face, and by her whispered words, that precious as he had been before, he was now the one joy and comfort of her life; and the little fellow seemed to know it, too, for loving as she had ever been to him, there was something in the clinging hold of her hand, and the fond, wistful look in her face, which had not been of old. The two were always together, wandering about the garden or park, or sitting in the library talking in low murmuring tones of the father he had lost, or oftener still in the squire's room; for the old squire was failing fast; perhaps there had been some signs of decay before his son's death, but if so, we had not noticed them. Now, however, all saw the sunken cheek and uncertain step, and felt his days were drawing to an end. Things began to grow sadly wrong now; and though my lady's rule still kept order in the house, in the stables and grounds all was very different to the days when the squire and Master Edgar were riding in and out with quick eyes and strong wills. One great disturbance there was, when a groom came home drunk in the middle of the night, having galloped my lady's own horse through the darkness, and broken its knees. In some way, this came to the squire's knowledge, and the groom was dismissed, and in his place came a dark, hard-looking man—Foster by name—whom we all disliked for his surly manner, though he was quiet enough, and joined in no stable riot. As time went on, and the squire grew weaker in body and mind, my lady and the little master hardly ever left him. She had written to Master Jasper, begging him, if he wished to see his father again, to come to England at once; but I saw that she was relieved when an answer came saying that he could not then leave France, and that he believed, besides, that his presence would be no comfort to his father. Just at that time there came a change in my life, which prevented my being as much with my lady as I had been till now. Mrs. Gower, the housekeeper, now very old, and worn by grief and the nursing, which she would yield to no one but my lady, fell ill, and died. She was a great loss, for a head was much needed in that large household, and there was no one to take her place. I was thinking of this one day as I sat over my work, when my lady came into the room, and noticing my anxious looks, asked me the cause. I told her, and she answered:

"It has been on my mind, too, Hannah, and I have thought of a plan. There is only one person I could trust as I trusted Mrs. Gower, and whom I should be quite happy in putting at the head of everything. Will you take her place?"

I was very much surprised, and at first I could not collect my thoughts or answer her. She went on earnestly:

"You know how I shall miss you. No one else can be to me what you are; but you will be more comfort and help to me as housekeeper than even as my maid."

And so we settled it, with many bitter tears on my part, when I gave up to a stranger the work of waiting on her. My successor was a pale little woman, with a startled look in her light blue eyes, and a nervous, hurried manner. Her name was Sarah Weston, and she had been a dressmaker in a small way in the village for some months; but when she heard that my lady wanted a maid, she came to offer herself, saying that she had once before been lady's-maid. She told us that she was a widow, with one little girl, who lived with some relations far away, so she had no home-tie; and as she seemed in many ways a likely person, my lady engaged her. One thing about her I thought strange, and that was, that though she had been eager and flurried in telling all she could do, yet she did not strike me as wishing to come; and when my lady engaged her, a shudder came over her face, and a look of such distress, that for a moment I thought she was ill. It passed, however, and she thanked my lady and took her leave. She came to us at once, and fitted quickly into her place, doing everything for my lady in a quiet, skillful way, and learning all her ways and fancies. Perhaps this very cleverness of hers gave me a jealous pang when I saw her busy in my mistress's room; or else there was something in her timid voice and shrinking manner which angered me, for I never saw her without a feeling of dislike rising up in my heart. Yet she was very humble to me, and I never had an uncivil word from her, as sometimes happened at first with the others.

It would have been a gloomy house now, but for that bit of sunshine, Master Gerald. The little darling was just four years old, and go where he would, every face brightened when it met his, and no one was too busy or too sorrowful for a game with him. His blithe voice was heard singing and shouting everywhere, except in the squire's room, and there it sank to a whisper. But he was little there now, for his mother feared lest the sight of illness and suffering should sadden his childish heart, and so he ran about the garden, and rode the old pony about the park, and spent many an hour, too, with me, chattering and scrambling about, while I made out accounts or looked over house-linen. The little window of the housekeeper's room looked out upon a stone court, and beyond it was a stream running close beside the house, and on beneath the terrace-wall, and down the hillside between steep banks almost hidden by trees, till it ran into the Tees near Hillborough Bridge, a mile from Ravensbourne. It was deep and rapid, though not wide, and the rushing water was pleasant to hear one summer afternoon, when Master Gerald sat in the deep window-seat, humming a baby-song and turning over a picture-book. Presently he threw it down, and pressing his rosy cheek against the window, cried out—

"Look, Hannah, do you see how the water shines? And there are the stones all wet and shining, too—one, two, three, large stones that I never saw before."

I came to his side, and saw that the stream was low, and the rocks uncovered.

"Yes," I said, "the sun has dried up some of the water, and so those high rocks stand up above it."

"Oh, I should like to go down," the boy cried, eagerly, "and sit upon the rocks, and put my feet in the water. I'll get through the window—let me go!" and he struggled to get free. The more he pulled, the faster I held him, while I said that there were deep holes, in which he would be drowned, and that, besides, the water was strong enough to throw him down and hurt him terribly. He only went on trying to get loose, and crying out passionately that he would go to the bright water. A sudden sound behind made me look round, but it was only Mrs. Weston putting a tray of laces and muslins on the table. She started when I looked at her, and said, hurriedly—

"I only came to bring these. I beg your pardon; I didn't mean—"

"Didn't mean what?" I said, somewhat sharply. "Master Gerald and I were talking no secrets, though," I added, looking at him, "he may well be ashamed to let any one see him so naughty." The child hung his head, and let me lift him from the window quietly enough; and by the time I put him on the floor, Mrs. Weston had gone. That was not the first time I had found that my dear little Master Gerald had a passionate spirit of his own, and long after he had left me, I sat pondering whether I ought to tell his mother. I did not see my lady till late that evening—about nine o'clock, I suppose—and then, as I was crossing the gallery, I saw her standing at the nursery-door, beckoning to me. Holding her finger to her lips, she led me into the nursery, and up to the little crib where her boy slept. A smile lighted her pale face as she pointed to him, and whispered: "Look, isn't he beautiful?" He was indeed. The tangled curls lying upon the pillow, the fringed eyelids, soft, rosy cheeks, and half-open mouth, made a lovely picture; and as I looked back at my lady, I thought how like he was to her, and how happy and tranquil she was when near him. There were deep lines upon her brow, and many anxious thoughts, as I well knew, in her mind; but yet, as she bent over her child, she seemed almost young again. I could not find in my heart to disturb the peace of that hour by any tale of naughtiness, and I stood watching silently while she pushed a stray curl from his forehead, gave him one long, lingering kiss, drew the curtain, and with a last look of intense yearning love, turned away. That look of love, I see it still! Oh, my dear mistress, my own dear lady!

CHAPTER III.

We went down stairs together, she to the squire's room, and I down another flight to my own, which was at one end of a stone passage, lighted by two large windows. At the other end were the kitchens and the servants' hall, and the back staircase was just outside the kitchen door. This evening, all was unusually quiet there, for some of the servants were away on a holiday, and the rest were at supper in the servant's hall. I was glad of the quietness, for I wanted to write a long letter to my married sister, whom I had not seen for years. Once the silence was broken by the opening of a distant door, and a merry laugh; then all was still again, till I fancied suddenly that I heard the sound of wheels near my window. I listened, then smiled at my own foolishness, and went on writing. I got on but slowly, and was in the midst of a message to my little unknown nephew, when the door-handle rattled violently round, the door flew open, and there stood my lady, deadly pale, and with blood flowing from a wound upon her forehead. I sat for a moment rooted to my chair; the next, I sprang towards her, crying out at her hurt. She pushed me aside, and then turning her ashy face full on me, gasped out:

"Not that—that's nothing—I fell down; but where is my child?"

A dreadful fear came upon me as I gazed at her wild eye, and heard her panting breath, that sorrow and anxiety had turned her brain.

"Tell me, only tell me where he is!" she still implored.

I thought that the sight of the child might calm her, and not daring to leave her alone, hurried with her along the passage. One of the servants opened the kitchen door, and stood amazed at the sight of my lady. Hurriedly whispering to her to keep by her side for a moment, I rushed up to the nursery. A shaded light burned on the table, and in the corner of the room stood the little crib; but when I bent over it, it was empty! I caught up the lamp, and threw back the bed-clothes—there was nothing beneath them. I looked round the room: the child's clothes lay on a chair, and near them were some of his play-things—a ball and whistle; but a little scarlet cloak, which had lain there an hour ago, was gone. Had he hidden, or where could he be? I dared not stay to think, but ran back to the kitchen. My lady was still crying wildly and passionately for her child; the servants stood huddled together in terror; and her own maid, white and trembling from head to foot, seemed more frightened than any one. I spoke at once to them all:

"Master Gerald is not in the nursery; he must have hidden somewhere; and we must search for him; but first—" and I went up to the young nurse, who had only just come into the kitchen, and was gazing at me with wide open, scared eyes—"tell me, Jessie, when did you leave Master Gerald?"

She was a Ravensbourne girl, whom I had known from babyhood, and whose word I could trust.

"Not an hour ago," she said. "Isn't he in bed?" She went on hurriedly: "I left him there, asleep. Martha was not at home, or I should have asked her to sit by him; but he was fast asleep, and Mrs. Weston was in my lady's dressing-room, close by."

"I didn't stay," broke in Mrs. Weston, with unusual sharpness. "I was only there for a few minutes, and could not watch the child."

The nurse looked at me. "I oughtn't to have left him," she said, with a half sob; "but I never thought of his moving; and now, oh, ma'am, if anything has happened to him!"

I stopped her with a sign, for my lady was in no state for such words. She had been leaning on the table, her face buried in her hands, moaning from time to time. I went to her; and as I touched her, a shiver ran through her frame.

"Dearest madam," I said, "we shall soon find him, I hope; we will look together."

In a moment the whole household were scattered, searching and calling in every room and passage, while I followed my lady as she went from place to place, for all my fears, all my thoughts, were for her. I felt sure we should presently discover the boy; but then the joy after such suffering, how would she bear it? But the minutes wore on; room after room was explored, cupboards and corners ransacked, and then new fears began to crowd upon me, for there were yet no signs of the boy. A thought struck me; he might be in his grandfather's room. It was apart from the rest, and on the ground floor, and we had avoided it, not liking to alarm the poor old man; but now we must look, and in we went. No. Squire Ravensbourne lay calmly sleeping, and no one was with him. He started up in bed, aroused by our movements, and asked what had happened; and his daughter-in-law let me take her to him, while I quietly told him all. He said nothing, only held out his arms, and drew her into them; and as he did so, sobs and tears for the first time came to her relief. The squire looked at me.

"Go and search with the rest," he said; "I will take care of her;" and, in truth, her poor weary head sank down upon the pillow; and gently putting her into a chair by the bedside, I left them together. I stood for a moment outside the door, listening to the squire's murmured words and the sound of her exhausted weeping, and then walked on into the hall. I was just pondering where next to search, when one of the maids touched me on the arm, and said, in a low voice:

"Can he have run out of doors?"

The stream flashed across my mind like lightning. Could he have awakened, remembered his wish to go there, and stolen out? The bare thought made me so sick, that I sat down for a minute to recover myself; then I went to the hall door. The night was pitch-dark, and to hunt without doors would have been madness; yet I went back to the kitchen door, and felt my way by the little path which led through a wire gate into the stone court beneath my window. There I called many times. No answer but the rushing water and the sounds within the house. I crept on close to the edge of the stream, but I could see nothing. I listened—and then, with that terrible doubt still in my mind, went back to the house. All that weary night through, we wandered to and fro, longing for morning. From time to time I went to the squire's room. My lady still sat where I had placed her, and the squire's hand still lay upon her shoulder. Each time he asked, "Is he found?" and each time when I answered, "Not yet," my lady's head, which had been raised when I came in, bowed again upon her hands with a bitter groan.

At length the day broke, and the men set out on horseback to search the park, and the women looked in greenhouses, and orchard, and garden. I went again to the stone court and the stream; the water still sparkled round the rocks, but I could see no trace of the child. I dared not go away from the house, lest my lady should need me, and I was turning indoors when the gate swung on its hinges, and the groom Foster came through. He had been one of those making holiday the day before, and I called now to ask him if he had heard that the boy was lost. He answered in his curt way that he had. "Have you met any one? Is nothing found?" I went on. He shook his head sullenly, and then began muttering at being left to do all the work. This was too much, and I said: "No one but you would think about horses when Master Gerald is lost." "He'll be found," he said sullenly; "children ain't lost like that." I would not speak of him again, and went back to the kitchen, and there I stayed till the sound of voices took me into the hall. As I opened the door, three or four of the servants came up the steps, and foremost among them the nurse Jessie. She could not speak for weeping, but she held up before my eyes a little scarlet cloak that I knew only too well. I gasped out, "Where?" and the answer came from many broken voices: "In the stream by the copse." A piercing shriek behind us, a heavy fall, and on the staircase lay the poor, poor mother. We raised her, and laid her on her bed, utterly senseless; her father-in-law sat propped up by her stroking her icy hands; but for two days those closed eyes never opened, the lips never moved. All the doctor's skill could do nothing, till on the third morning a deep groan showed that memory was returning. On that same day, towards sunset, the old squire lay back upon his pillow, and painfully breathed his last. His strength had seemed to return to him when she lay ill; but it was but the last flicker before the flame went out for ever. When he was gone, there was no human being within many miles to whom I could look for guidance in the misery that had fallen on the house. My master and mistress had lived much to themselves, and among their tenants, and knew but slightly the few neighbors who were within reach of Ravensbourne. I felt that I must send for some one, and I cast about who it should be. Master Jasper came into my mind, but I could not bear the thought; and then I remembered my lady's cousin, Mr. Harrington, who had several times been to Ravensbourne. I could hardly leave my lady for an instant, for her maid had never recovered the shock of the first evening, and shrunk even from entering her mistress's room; but I managed to write by her bedside a little note to Mr. Harrington, begging him to come at once. I knew his address; and when I had sent off this note, there was nothing to be done but patiently to wait his coming.

CHAPTER IV.

And now, in the sad hours which I spent sitting still and silent in my lady's darkened room, two things very different in kind and very unequal in importance came often into my mind. The first of these was the strange and terrible loss of the little heir. In the hurry and confusion of that morning, in my lady's illness and the squire's death, there had been little time for thought, and less for questioning or talking. That little red cloak found caught against the root of a tree, far from home, had seemed to tell us all only too surely what his fate had been, and we had not dared to hope when his mother had despaired. Yet the child's body had not been found, and I felt now as if we could never rest till we knew more certainly what had befallen him. The stream had indeed been dragged, and nothing found; but the old keeper shook his head when he saw my face brighten, and said sadly that the current was strong, and the little body might well be washed far away into the Tees before then, even if it were not locked in among the rocks, which nearly filled the stream in some places, leaving only a deep, narrow channel, through which the water rushed. Nothing was missing but his little night-shirt, so he must have stolen out bare-foot and bareheaded. If at times I strove to fancy other ways in which he might have disappeared, to think that he might have been stolen or enticed away, two things stopped me. How would it be possible for any one to get into the house at that hour, and persuade the child to leave it without our knowledge? And then, how could that little cloak have got into the stream, unless, indeed, the darling had been drowned as well as stolen? The nursery window was high above the ground; no one could possibly get in or out that way, and who could wish to harm the little helpless boy? So it ever came round to drowned—drowned! My other thought was about Mrs. Weston. It might seem strange that at such a time I should think at all about her, but she was naturally brought to my mind by the really troublesome work which her weakness of mind threw upon me. Of course the actual attendance on my lady would have been my privilege in any case, but there were many things in which I needed skillful help, many little offices she might have done which yet fell to me. For many hours she refused to enter the sick-room; and when at last a sharp message from me brought her, she kept far from the bed, did what was required awkwardly and hastily, and then hurried out of the room. I was surprised and disappointed, for I had before thought her a useful, clean servant, at any rate—and her excuse that an old illness had injured her nerves, seemed to me but a poor one, and I set down her conduct as being only the effect of jealousy at my taking the chief charge. My lady had shown but little sign of consciousness beyond a deep sigh now and then, or a restless movement in her bed when Mr. Harrington arrived. Hitherto, I had always fancied him proud and cold, but I changed my mind when he drew me aside and heard the story, and when I saw the sorrow and pity in his face. He thought as we all did, but still he said no chance must be let slip; and as the country was scoured far and wide, again in vain.

Gradually, my lady's bodily strength came back, though the anguish of her face grew deeper and more fixed each day; and on the evening after the old squire's funeral she first moved into a chair by the window and saw Mr. Harrington. His voice shook as he took her hand, and spoke a few words of affection and sorrow; but she scarcely noticed him, and sat long gazing at the distant view, the hills and woods, and the setting sun beyond. At last she turned suddenly to him as he stood beside her: "Have they buried him with his grandfather, Fred?" she asked calmly. We had told her of the squire's death, but I had not thought that she heeded our words. Very tenderly Mr. Harrington now broke to her the truth; but it was startling to see the change which for a moment came over her face, though it soon died away. "It runs fast," she murmured to herself, "to the sea. Oh, if I could go too, and be lost in the waters with him." After this she never spoke of her boy or hinted at her loss. She let Mr. Harrington drive her out on fine days, she let me wait on her and tend her, she even tried to eat, but her face never lost its

wistful suffering look, or her voice its low despairing tone. One evening, when I left her, Mr. Harrington followed me to say that he had written to Mr. Jasper Ravensbourne to come. My heart sank, and I suppose my face showed it, for Mr. Harrington went on: "We have no right to keep him away, for he is the next heir." Then he asked if I thought it would be best to tell my lady. I begged him to wait Mr. Ravenbourne's answer; and about a week later it came. He simply said that he was shocked at the news, and should prefer a month's delay before considering himself the owner of Ravensbourne. So the heart-sickening search went on till the end of the month, and then Mr. Harrington wrote again, and spoke to my lady. She heard in silence, but when he asked if she would go to London with him, the answer came instantly: "I can never leave Ravensbourne; I will live anywhere in Ravensbourne; but I will not go away."

I knew that her heart clung to the place where her boy had been last seen, and I believed that away from it she would die.—There was a red-brick gabled house just beyond the village, a quiet, quaint old place, with low sunny rooms and a bright garden. It had long stood empty; and Mr. Harrington and I went one day to look at it, and settled that this should be her home. Only one person beside myself would go with her there—the nurse Jessie. The poor girl had hardly looked up since that morning when she brought back the little cloak. She never ceased to reproach herself for little Gerald's loss, and now her only comfort seemed to be in the thought of devoting herself to his mother. She begged so earnestly not to be parted from her, that I could not refuse, and promised to take her with us. My lady needed no one else; nor could she afford to keep other servants, for she would not now be rich. Those were sad weeks which followed, while we bore our sorrow with us, as we went about the weary work of making that old long-deserted house like home. Help, indeed, came on all sides, for every soul in the village loved my lady, and grieved for her. The borders were trimmed, the creepers, that had grown wild over the paths, were trained, and the servants at the Hall toiled hard amidst their tears in fitting up the rooms. Most of them were staying, for Mr. Ravensbourne wished to keep all who desired to stay; and though a few of the old ones left, the most part were unwilling to lose a good place. Among the rest, Mrs. Weston stayed. She certainly seemed to have no place there, but she said sadly that she had no other place to go to, and might get work at the Hall.

The last afternoon came, and when all was done, I wandered into the park, to find some relief for my aching heart. At another time, I should have thought much about leaving the home of thirty-five years, but now I could feel only for my mistress, and with bitter tears I prayed that she might be comforted in her misery. I had walked far, and was turning homewards down the beech avenue, when, at the further end, I caught sight of two figures, a man and woman, standing together with their backs towards me. I was surprised, for neither looked in the distance like any of the Ravensbourne servants, and no one else was likely to be there. But yet, as I drew near, there was something in the woman's figure which reminded me of Mrs. Weston. Could it be she? I had no time to discover, for before I had taken many steps, the person looked towards me, and almost directly after the two turned down a side-path, and were lost to sight. It was a wild lonely spot, far from the house, and near the boundary of the park and a deserted old cottage, once a keeper's lodge. It seemed a strange place to find the timid Mrs. Weston, yet the likeness as the woman moved had struck me more strongly than before. I was not curious usually, but now I felt an eager desire to know who the strangers were; and leaving the avenue, I hurried over the grass, and never stopped till I reached the house-door, tired and breathless. I knew that when I left home, Mrs. Weston had been at work in the maids' room. If she should not be there now, I would watch the door for her return. I went at once to the room, and there, at her work, quiet and busy, sat the lady's-maid, just as I had left her. I felt vexed with myself for my hurry and mistake. It was odd, certainly; but my eyes were dim with weeping, and perhaps not so good as they were in my younger days, and they had played me false. The next morning we left Ravensbourne Hall. When the last moment came, and I told my lady that the carriage was waiting, she looked up at me with her sad eyes, and whispered hoarsely: "Must I go?" My face told her the mournful truth; and she rose calmly, and let me draw her shawl round her, and lead her down stairs, and to the carriage, where Mr. Harrington stood waiting. All the time, her trembling fingers clasped mine; but when the door closed, and we turned away from the home where she had once been so happy, she let go her grasp, and with a groan, pressed her hand to her forehead. I knew that she thought of her first coming to Ravensbourne. I thought of it too, and my heart seemed well-nigh breaking. She never spoke during the drive, and her eyes noted nothing of her new home as Mr. Harrington and I led her up stairs, and I think she hardly knew that she had reached it. He had stayed with her to the last moment, and now he was forced to hurry back to London. When he was gone, my lady turned and clung to me as though I were all now left her; and it was long before I could still her convulsive sobs, and yet longer before she closed her eyes and sank into a heavy sleep. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ At a country training, where the military spirit was not the most active, but one private responded to the captain's call to "fall in." "Now, look here, cap'n," says he, "you may march and countermarch me as much as you darn please, but when you come to cutting me up into sections and platoons, I'll desert, rank and file, hang me if I don't!"

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

DON MARIANO.

We will now return to Don Stefano Cohecho, whom we left in a fainting state between Ruperto and Don Mariano.

The double exclamation drawn from the hunter and the Mexican traveller, on recognizing the man they had picked up on the river bank, had plunged all three of them into a profound state of stupefaction. Bermudez was the first to recover his coolness, and he walked up to his master,—

"Come, Don Mariano," he said to him, "do not stay here; perhaps it will be as well that, when your brother opens his eyes, he should not see you."

Don Mariano fixed a burning glance on the wounded man.

"How is it that I find him here?" he said, as if speaking to himself. "What is he doing in these savage regions? It was false, then, what he wrote about important business calling him to the United States, and that he had started for New Orleans?"

"Senor Don Estevan, your brother," Bermudez replied gravely, "is one of those darkly-intriguing men with whom it is impossible to know their thoughts, or guess their motives of action; you see, the hunter gives him a name which does not belong to him. For what purpose does he conceal himself, then? Believe me, Don Mariano, there is a mystery beneath this, which we will clear up, with the aid of Heaven; but let us be prudent; let us not reveal our presence to Don Estevan; there will always be time to do so when we discover that we have been deceived."

"That is true, Bermudez; your advice is good, and I will follow it; but, before retiring, let me assure myself as to his present condition. That man is my brother, and, however great the injuries he has done me may be, I should not like to see him die without assistance."

"Perhaps it would be better," Bermudez muttered.

Don Mariano looked at him angrily, and bent over the wounded man. The latter was still in a fainting state. Eglantine lavished on him those delicate and intelligent attentions, of which women of all nations and every color possess the secret, but yet could not recall him to life.

"Pray, Excellency, take my advice," Bermudez urged, "and retire."

Don Mariano took a last look at his brother, and seemed to hesitate; then turning away, with an effort, he said,

"Let us go."

The old servant's face brightened.

"I recommend this man to you," Don Mariano added, addressing Ruperto; "pay him all the attention his condition demands and humanity orders."

The hunter bowed. The Mexican gentleman walked a few steps towards his horse, which, with those of his companions, was fastened to a young ebony tree. Don Mariano retired with regret; a secret voice seemed to warn him to remain. At the moment he placed his foot in the stirrup, a hand was laid on his arm, and he turned sharply. A man was standing by his side; it was Flying Eagle.

The chief had left to the whites the care of transporting the wounded. With the instinct peculiar to his race, he had examined with the utmost attention the scene of the ambush, and all the spots whither the accidents of the combat had led the fighters. His object in thus acting had been to discover some trace, some sign, which, in case of need, might be useful to those who had an interest in discovering the causes of the snare laid for Don Miguel. Accident had aided him admirably, by supplying him with a proof whose value must be immense, and which, doubtlessly, Don Stefano would have brought back with his best blood, in order to destroy it. Unfortunately, this proof, interesting as it was, was a sealed letter for the Indian, and in his hands possessed no value.

Flying Eagle immediately thought of Don Mariano, who would probably explain to him the importance of the mysterious find he had made. After turning it over several times, he hid it in his bosom, and with the characteristic decision of his race, walked rapidly back to the camp, where he was certain of finding the Mexican.

"Is my father going away?" the Redskin asked.

"Yes," Don Mariano answered; "but I am glad to see you, Chief, before my departure, that I may thank you for your cordial hospitality."

The Indian bowed.

"My father can decipher the 'collars' of the palefaces. I think," he continued, "the whites have great knowledge. My father must be a chief of his nation."

Don Mariano looked at the Comanche in surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked him.

"Our Indian fathers taught us to preserve, on the skins of animals, prepared for the purpose, the interesting events that happened in our tribe in the old ages of the world. The palefaces know all; they possess the great medicine; they also have collars."

"Certainly we have books, in which, by means of recognized signs, the history of nations, and even the thoughts of men, can be traced."

The Indian made a gesture of joy.

"Good!" he said; "my father must know these signs, for his head is gray."

"I do know them. Can the simple knowledge I possess be of any service to you?"

Flying Eagle shook his head negatively.

"No," he said, "not to me, but perhaps to others."

"I do not understand you, Chief; be good enough, therefore, to explain yourself more clearly, for I wish to go away before that man regains his consciousness."

DON STEFANO'S RAGE AND FIAR ON DISCOVERING THE LOSS OF THE PORTFOLIO.

The Indian took a side glance at the injured man.

"He will not open his eyes for an hour," he said. "Flying Eagle can talk to his father."

In spite of himself Don Mariano felt interested in knowing what the Indian wished to tell him; so he resolved to wait, and made him a sign to speak. The Chief continued in a low voice,

"Let my father listen," he said. "Flying Eagle is not an old gossiping woman; he is a renowned Chief. The words his breast breathed are all inspired by the Wacondah. Flying Eagle loves the palefaces, because they have been good to him, and have, in certain circumstances, rendered him great services. After the fight, the Chief went over the field of battle; near the spot where the man fell whom my father brought here, Flying Eagle found a medicine bag, containing several collars. The Indian looked at them on all sides, but could not understand them, because the Wacondah had spread over his eyes the thick bandage which prevents the redskins equalling the whites. Still the Chief, suspecting that perhaps this mysterious bag, useless to him, might be important for my father or some of his friends, previously concealed it in his breast, and ran in all haste to hand it to my father. 'Here it is,' he added, drawing a portfolio from his bosom, and handing it to Don Mariano; 'let my father take it; perhaps he will be able to discover what it contains."

Though the redskin's action was perfectly natural on his part, and the portfolio and its contents might be matters of indifference to the gentleman, he only took it from the Chief's hands with reluctance. The Indian folded his arms and waited, perfectly satisfied with what he had done.

Don Mariano absently examined the portfolio he held in his hand. It was made of very ordinary shagreen, with no ornaments or gilding; it could be seen that it was more for use than luxury; and it was ornamented with papers, and fastened with a small silver clasp. The examination, begun absently, suddenly assumed a great importance for Don Mariano, for his eyes had fallen on these words, half effaced, engraved in letters of gold on one of the side sof the portfolio—

"Don Estevan de Real-del-Monte."

At the sight of these words, which revealed to him the name of the owner of the object he held, he gave a start of surprise. While turning and speaking, he came on his brother, who still lay unconscious, and by a movement independent of his will, his hand squeezed it forcibly. This pressure opened the hasp, and several papers fell out.

Bermudez stooped quickly, and handed them to his master. The latter mechanically held out his hand to receive them, and return them to the portfolio; but Bermudez checked him resolutely.

"Heaven gives you the means to know the truth at last," he said; "do not neglect the opportunity it affords you, or you may repent it when too late."

"Violate my brother's secrets!" Don Mariano muttered, with a movement of repulsion.

"No," Bermudez retorted, dryly; "but learn how he became master of yours. Excellency, remember the object of our journey."

"But if I were discovered—if he were not guilty?"

"All the better. In that way you will acquire certainty."

"What you urge me to do is wrong. I have no right to act so."

"Well, I, who am only a wretched Creado, Excellency, whose actions have no serious import, will assume that right for your sake, Excellency."

And by a gesture swift as thought, he seized the portfolio.

"Wretch!" Don Mariano shouted. "Stay, what are you going to do?"

"Save, perhaps, her you love, as you dare not do it yourself."

"My father will leave his slave free," the Indian interposed, "the Wacondah inspires him."

Don Mariano had not the courage to resist longer, for involuntarily an unknown feeling he could not explain told him that he was wrong, and Bermudez did well to act so.—The half-caste had, with the greatest coolness, opened the papers, not appearing to care for any seeming impropriety in his conduct.

"Oh!" he suddenly exclaimed, "did I not tell you, Excellency, that Heaven placed in your hands the proofs you had so long been seeking in vain? Read! read! and if it be possible, still doubt the testimony of your eyes and refuse longer to believe in your brother's perfidy and odious treason."

Don Mariano seized the papers with a feverish gesture, and hurriedly read them.—After reading them two or three times, he stopped, raised his eyes to heaven, and then let his head fall in his hands with an expression of the utmost pain.

"Oh, oh!" he muttered, in despair, "my brother! my brother!"

"Courage!" Bermudez said, softly.

"I will have it," he answered; "the hour of justice has arrived."

A strange change had suddenly taken place in him. This man, a few moments previously so timid, and whose hesitation was extreme, was metamorphosed. He seemed to have grown; his features had assumed an imposing rigidity, and his eyes flashed fire.

"No more childish fears," he said; "no further tergiversation. We must act."

Then turning to Flying Eagle, he asked him—

"Is that man seriously wounded?"

The Indian carefully examined Don Stefano.

During the whole period of the examination, no one uttered a word. Every one understood that Don Mariano had at length formed an energetic resolution, and that he would accomplish it remorselessly, and without hesitation, no matter what the consequences might be to him hereafter.

Flying Eagle returned in a few minutes.

"Well?" the gentleman asked him.

"That man is not really wounded," the Indian answered; "he has only received a serious hurt on the head, from which he will not recover for an hour."

"Very well; and on waking, in what state will he be?"

"Very weak; but that weakness will soon wear off, and to-morrow he will be as right as before he received the blow."

A bitter smile played round Don Mariano's lips.

"Tell that hunter, your friend to come here; I must speak to you both," he said. "I have a service to ask of you."

The Chief obeyed.

"I am at your service, Excellency," Ruperto remarked.

"We will hold a council," Don Mariano then said. "Is not that the term you employ in the desert when you have to discuss important business?"

The hunter and the Indian made a sign of assent.

"Listen to me attentively," the gentleman continued, in a firm and impressive voice. "The man there is my brother, and he must die. I do not wish to kill him, but to try him. All you now present will be his judges; I his accuser. Will you aid me to accomplish an act of vengeance, but a deed of the most rigorous justice? I repeat to you, I will accuse him before you all, and documents in hand. He will be at liberty to defend himself; your conscience will be clear; he will have entire freedom to do so; and, moreover, you will condemn or acquit him, according to the opinion you form on the evidence. You have heard me; reflect; I await your reply.

There was a supreme silence. After a few moments, Ruperto took the word.

"In the desert, where human justice does not penetrate," he said, "the law of God must prevail. If we have the right to kill the noxious and malevolent brutes, why should we not the right to punish a villain? I accept the office you offer me, because in my heart I am persuaded that in doing so I am doing my duty, and am useful to society, of which I make myself the avenger."

"Good!" Don Mariano answered. "I thank you. And you, Chief?"

"I accept," the Comanche said, distinctly. "Traitors must be punished, no matter to what race they belong. Flying Eagle is a Chief; he has the right to sit at the council fire, in the first rank of the Sachems, and condemn or acquit."

"It is now your turn," Don Mariano continued, addressing his servant; "answer."

Bermudez stepped forward a pace, and bowed respectfully to Don Mariano.

"Excellency," he said, "we knew this man when he was a child; we dandled him on our knees. At a later date he became our master; our hearts would not be free in his presence. We cannot judge him; we ought not to condemn him. We are only fit to execute the sentence, whatever it may be, which is dealt out to him, if we receive the order. Old slaves, liberated by the kindness of their master, are never equal to him."

"Those feelings are what I expected from you. I thank you for your frankness, my children. In truth, you should not interfere in this matter. Heaven, I hope, will send us two men with loyal hearts and firm will to take your places, and fulfil the duty of judges impartially."

"Heaven has heard you, Caballero," a rough voice said; "we are here at your disposal."

The branches of the thicket near which our characters were, were then torn boldly asunder, and two men appeared. They walked a few steps forward, rested their rifles on the ground, and waited.

"Who are you?" Don Mariano asked.

"Hunters."

"Your name?"

"Marksman."

"And yours?"

"Brighteye. For about half-an-hour we have been hidden behind this bush. We heard all you said, and hence it is useless to repeat your statement. But there is another man who must be present at the trial."

"Another man! Who?"

"The one he attacked so traitorously, whom you drew from his hand, and whom we saved."

"Ha! who knows where to find that man at present?"

"We do," Marksman said, "as we only left him an hour ago, to take up your trail."

"Oh, if that is the case, you are right; that man must come."

"Unfortunately, he is seriously wounded; but if he cannot come of himself, he can be carried; and I know not why, but his presence seems to me not only necessary, but even indispensable, in order to clear up certain facts which it is our duty to fathom."

"What do you mean?"

"Patience, Cabellero! you will soon understand. This man's camp is not far off, and he can be here before sunset."

"But who will warn him?"

"Myself," Brighteye answered.

"I thank you for the hearty offer."

"We are possibly more interested than yourself, in clearing up this mysterious machination," Marksman answered.

At a sign from his friend, Brighteye remounted his horse, which he had left in the thicket, and rode off at full speed, while Don Mariano followed him with a glance at once curious and puzzled.

"You speak to me in riddles," he said to Marksman, who was still leaning on his rifle.

The latter shook his head.

"The history, whose odious incidents will be unrolled before you, is a sad one, Excellency, and you have not the key, in spite of the proofs you believe you possess."

Don Mariano sighed, and two burning tears ran down his cheeks, which were furrowed by grief.

"Courage, *mi amo!*" Bermudez said. "Heaven is at length on your side."

The gentleman pressed the hand of his faithful servant, and turned his head away, to conceal the emotion he felt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE THE TRIAL.

When Brighteye went off, Marksman, the Indian, and Ruperto, approached the wounded man, who was still plunged in the same state of lethargy, and collected around him, in order to await his recovery.

Don Mariano, whose scruples were now extinguished, and who was anxious to know all the windings of his brother's dark machinations, in order to have solid arguments for the accusations he was about to bring against him before that supreme tribunal he had so unexpectedly found, withdrew with his servants into a dense copplce, where, free from all glances, he opened the portfolio with feverish impatience, and began reading the papers it contained, with a horror that increased with every fresh letter he unfolded.

Don Mariano did not wish his brother to be aware of his presence before being confronted with his judges, for he counted on his unexpected apparition to foil his perspicacity and presence of mind, by making him lose his coolness. Hence he concealed himself in a spot invisible to the most searching glance, reserving the right of appearing at the decisive moment.

More than an hour elapsed, ere Don Stefano, in spite of Eglantine's incessant care, made a movement indicating his return to life. Still the three men, crouched silently round him, did not for a moment relax in their watchfulness; they understood the full extent of the act they were about to accomplish, and desired, with that intuitive mistrusting possessed by loyal souls, that the man they were about to try should be sufficiently collected, and so far in possession of his faculties, as to defend his life bravely.

At the moment when the sun, rapidly declining on the horizon, lengthened the shadows of the trees, and only appeared through the lower branches like a huge ball of fire, the evening breeze passed like a fresh breath over the pale brow of the wounded man, who uttered a deep sigh at the feeling of comfort this beneficial freshness caused him to experience, after the stifling heat of the day.

"He is going to open his eyes," Marksman muttered.

Flying Eagle laid his finger on his lips as he pointed to the wounded man.

Low as the hunter had spoken, Don Stefano had heard him; though not, perhaps, understanding the meaning of the words that had struck his ears, but sufficiently so to recall him to a sense of existence.

Don Stefano was no common man, and a worthy son of the bastard race of Mexico. Cunning was the most prominent point in his eminently dissimulating character; accustomed ever to judge men and things badly, distrust seemed innate in his heart. Marksman's words warned him to keep on his guard, without stirring, without opening his eyes, lest he should reveal his return to life; he made a supreme effort to recall the events that preceded his accident, so as to arrive, from deduction to deduction, at the position in which he now was, and guess, if that were possible, into whose hands chance, or his ill fortune, had made him fall.

The task Don Stefano imposed on himself was not easy, for, by the force of circumstances, he was deprived of his most potent auxiliary, sight, which would have enabled him to recognize the persons who surrounded him, or, at any rate, perceive were they friends or enemies. Thus, though he listened with the utmost attention, in order to catch a word or a phrase to guide him in his suppositions, and show him how to base his calculations on probable, if not positive, data, as the hunters, warned by the chief, and suspecting a trick, abstained for their part from making a gesture or uttering a word, all his previsions were foiled, and he remained in the most utter ignorance.

This prolonged silence further heightened Don Stefano's anxiety, and presently threw him into such a state of alarm that he resolved, at all risks, on removing his doubts. Putting his plans almost at once into execution, he made a movement as if to rise, and suddenly opened his eyes, and took an inquiring and searching glance around.

"How do you feel?" Marksman asked, as he bent over him.

"Very weak," Don Stefano answered, in a suffering voice. "I feel a general heaviness, and frightful buzzing in my ears."

"Good," the hunter continued, "that is not dangerous. It is always so after a fall."

"I have had a fall, then?" the wounded man continued, whom the sight of Ruperto, an old acquaintance, began to reassure.

"Hang it! it is probable, as we found you lying on the banks of the Rubio."

"Ah, you found me, then?"

"Yes, about three hours back."

"Thanks for the aid you gave me; had it not been for that, I should probably be dead."

"Very possibly; but do not be in a hurry to thank us."

"Why not?" Don Stefano suddenly said, as he cocked his ears at this ambiguous answer, which seemed to him a disguised threat.

"Eh, who knows?" Marksman retorted, simply; "no one can answer for the future."

Don Stefano, whose strength was rapidly returning, and who had already regained all his lucidity of mind, rose quickly, and fixed on the Canadian a glance which seemed meant to read his most intricate thoughts.

"I am not your prisoner, though?"

"Hum!" was all the hunter replied.

This interjection made the wounded man thoughtful, and disturbed him more than a long phrase.

"Let us speak frankly," he said, after a few moment's reflection.

"I wish for nothing better."

"Of you, then, there is one I know," he continued, pointing to Ruperto, who gave a silent nod of assent. "I never, to my knowledge, injured that man; on the contrary—"

"That is true," Ruperto answered.

"I never saw you, so you can have no feelings of animosity against me."

"That is correct. This is the first time Providence has brought us face to face."

"There remains this Indian warrior, who like yourself, is a perfect stranger to me."

"All that is correct."

"For what reason, then, can I be your prisoner? Unless, as I cannot believe, you belong to those birds of prey, called pirates, who swarm in the desert?"

"We are not pirates, but frank and honest hunters."

"A further reason why I should address my question to you again, and ask you if I am your prisoner, or no?"

"The question is not so simple as you suppose, although we have no reproaches to bring against you personally. Have you not insulted or offended other persons since you have been on the prairie?"

"I!"

"Who else but you? Did you not try, no later than last night, to assassinate a man in an ambuscade you laid for him?"

"Yes; but that man is my enemy."

"Well! Suppose, for a moment, we are friends of that man!"

"But it is not so. It cannot be."

"Why not? What makes you suppose so?"

Don Stefano shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"You must think me very foolish," he said, "if you would try to make me believe that quibble."

"It is not so much one as you imagine."

"Nonsense! If I had fallen into the hands of that man, he would have had me conveyed to his camp, in order to revenge himself on me in the presence of the bandits he commands, and to whom the sight of my punishment would, doubtlessly, have been too agreeable for him to have tried to deprive them of the delightful sight."

The old hunter, whose language had hitherto been ironical and face malicious, suddenly changed his tone, and became as serious and stern as he had previously been sarcastic.

"Listen," he said, "and profit by what you are going to hear. We are not the dupes of your feigned weakness. We know very well that your strength has nearly returned. The advice I give you is frank, and intended to guard you against yourself; you are not our prisoner, it is true, and yet you are not free."

"I do not understand you," Don Stefano interrupted him, the last words clouding over his face, which had suddenly grown brighter.

"Not one of the persons present," Marksman continued, "has any charge to bring against you. We do not know who you are; and before to day, I, at least, was entirely ignorant of your existence; but there is a man who asserts that he has against you—not feelings of hatred, for that would be a matter to settle between yourselves in a fair fight—but motives of complaint sufficiently great to justify your immediate trial."

"My trial!" Don Stefano repeated, in the utmost astonishment; "but before what tribunal does that man intend to try me? We are here in the desert."

"Yes; and you seem to forget it. In the desert, where the laws of cities are powerless to punish the guilty, there is a terrible, summary, implacable legislature, to which, in the common welfare, every aggrieved person has a right to appeal, when suspicious circumstances demand it."

"And what is this law?" Don Stefano asked, whose pale face had already assumed a cadaverous hue.

"It is Lynch law."

"Lynch law?"

"Yes; and in the name of that law we, who, as you say, do not know you, have been assembled to try you."

"Try me! but, that is impossible. What crime have I committed? Who is the man that accuses me?"

"I cannot answer these questions. I do not know the crime of which you are accused, nor the name of your accuser; but believe me, we have no hatred or prejudice against you, and we shall, therefore, be impartial. Prepare your defence during the few moments left you, and when the moment arrives, try to prove your innocence, by confounding your accuser—a thing which I ardently desire."

Don Stefano let his head fall in his hands with an expression of despair.

"But how would you have me prepare my defence, when I am ignorant of the nature of the crimes imputed to me? Give me a light through the darkness, a flash, however slight, that I may be able to guide myself, and know where I am."

"In speaking as I did, Caballero, I obeyed my conscience, which ordered me to warn you of the danger that threatened you. It would be impossible for me to tell you more, for I am as ignorant as yourself."

"Oh! it is enough to drive a man mad," Don Stefano exclaimed.

At a sign from Marksman, Ruperto and Flying Eagle rose. The hunter nodded to Eglantine to imitate their example. All four withdrew, and Don Stefano was left alone.

The Mexican rolled on the ground with the insensate fury of a man before whom an insurmountable obstacle suddenly rises, and who, driven into a desperate position, is forced to confess himself vanquished. A prey to the deepest anxiety, ignorant whither to turn in order to dispel the tempest growling over his head, he sought in vain in his mind for the means to escape from the hands that held him. His inventive genius, so fertile in schemes of every description, furnished him with no subterfuge, no stratagem, that would aid him advantageously in supporting this supreme contest with the unknown. In vain he racked his brains; he found nothing.

Suddenly he drew himself up, and by a movement rapid as thought, thrust his hand into his chest.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, sorrowfully, and let his hand fall again by his side, "what has become of my portfolio?"

He searched eagerly around him, but found nothing.

"I am lost," he added, "if those men have found it. What shall I do? What will become of me?"

A sound of horses was heard in the distance, gradually approaching the spot where the hunters were encamped. The sound soon became more distinct, and it was easy to recognize the advent of a numerous party of horsemen. In fact, within a quarter of an hour, some thirty mounted men, led by Brighteye, entered the clearing.

"Brighteye among these bandits!" Don Stefano muttered. "What can be the meaning of it?"

His uncertainty did not last long. The new arrivals escorted a man whom Don Stefano recognized at once.

"Don Miguel Ortega! oh, oh!" Then he added, with one of those cunning smiles habitual to him, "Now I know my accuser. Come, come," he said to himself, "the position is not so desperate as I supposed. It is evident these men know nothing, and my precious papers have not fallen into their hands. Hum! I fancy that this terrible Lynch law will be wrong this time, and I shall escape from this peril, as I have done from so many others."

Don Miguel had passed without seeing Don Stefano, or perhaps, as was more likely, without appearing to notice him. As for the prisoner, interested as he was in observing everything, and not allowing the slightest detail to escape his notice, he followed with watchful eye, while feigning the most indifferent behaviour, all the movements of the hunters. After gently depositing the litter at the side of the clearing opposite to that where Don Stefano lay, the Gambusinos, instead of dismounting, formed a large circle, and remained motionless, rifle on thigh, thus rendering any attempt at flight impossible.

Buffalo skulls, intended to act as seats, were arranged in a semi circle round a fire of dry branches. On these skulls, five in number, five men immediately took their seats, arranged in the following order:—Don Miguel Ortega, performing the duties of president, in the centre, having on his right Marksman, on his left Brighteye, and then the Indian Chief and a Gambusino.

This tribunal in the open air, in the heart of the virgin forest, surrounded by these horsemen, in their strange costume, motionless as bronze statues, produced an effect at once imposing and striking. These five men, with stern looks and frowning eyebrows, calm and apathetic, bore a marvellous resemblance to that Holy Vehm, which, in old times, on the banks of the Rhine, took the place of legal justice, no longer able to repress crime, and gave its judgments in the open air, to the hoarse growling of the winds, and the mysterious murmurs of the waters.

In spite of his daring, Don Stefano felt a shudder of terror all over him, as he looked round the clearing, and saw all eyes fatally fixed upon him, with the implacable rigidity of desert force and justice.

"Hum!" he muttered to himself, "I believe I shall have a difficulty to get out of the scrape, and was too hasty in claiming victory."

At this moment, two hunters, at a sign from Don Miguel, quitted the ranks, dismounted, and approached the wounded man. The latter made an effort, and succeeded in gaining his feet. The hunters took him by the arms, and led him before the tribunal. Don Stefano drew himself up, crossed his arms on his chest, and bent a sardonic glance on the men before whom he was led.

"Oh, oh!" he said, with a mocking accent, addressing Don Miguel, "it is you, then, Caballero, who are my accuser?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"No," he replied; "I am not your accuser, but your judge."

CHAPTER XIX.

FACE TO FACE.

After these words, there was a moment of expectation—almost of hesitation. A leaden silence seemed to brood over the forest.

Don Stefano was the first to overcome the feeling of terror which involuntarily pervaded him.

"Well!" he said, with a contemptuous tone, and a clear, ringing voice; "if it be not you, where is this accuser? Will he hide himself, now that the hour has arrived? Will he recoil before the responsibility he has assumed? Let him appear—I am ready for him!"

Don Miguel shook his head.

"When he does appear, you may, perhaps, find that he has come too soon," he answered.

"What do you want with me, then?"

"You shall hear."

Don Miguel was pale and sombre; a sad smile played round his discolored lips; it was evident that he was making extraordinary exertions to overcome his weakness and keep his seat. After a few moments' consideration, he rised his head:—

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Don Stefano Cohecho," the accused answered, without hesitation.

The judges exchanged a glance.

"Where were you born?"

"At Mazatlan, in 1808."

"What is your profession?"

"Merchant, at Santa Fe."

"What motive brought you into the desert?"

"I have told you already."

"Repeat it!" Don Miguel said, with perfect coldness.

"I would remark that these questions, perfectly unnecessary for you, are beginning to grow tiresome."

"I ask you what motive brought you into the desert?"

"The failure of several of my correspondents compelled me to take a journey, in the hope of saving some fragments of my endangered fortune. I am in the desert, because there is no other road to the town I wish to reach."

"Where are you going?"

"To Monterey. You see the docility with which I answer all your questions," he said, with the impertinent tone he had assumed ever since he was led before his judges.

"Yes," Don Miguel replied slowly, and laying a stress on each word; "you display great docility. I wish, for your own sake, you were equally truthful."

"What do you mean by that remark?" Don Stefano asked, haughtily.

"I mean that you have answered each of my questions with a falsehood," Don Miguel said, coolly and dryly.

Don Stefano frowned, and his tawny eyes emitted a flash.

"Caballero!" he said, violently; "such an insult—"

"It is no insult," the adventurer answered, in his old tone; "it is the truth, as you know it as well as I."

"I should be curious to know the meaning of this," the Mexican tried to say.

Don Miguel looked at him fixedly; and, in spite of his impudence, Don Stefano could not endure the glance.

"I will satisfy you," the adventurer said.

"I am listening."

"To my first question, you answered that your name was Don Stefano Cohecho!"

"Well?"

"That is false; for your name is Don Esteran de Real del Monte."

The accused gave a slight start. Don Miguel continued:—

"To my second question, you replied that you were born at Mazatlan, in 1808. That is false; you were born at Guana-juato, in 1805."

The adventurer waited a moment, to give the man he addressed time to reply. But Don Estevan, whose right name we will in future adhere to, did not think it advisable to do so. He remained cold and gloomy. Don Miguel smiled contemptuously, and continued—

"To my third question, you answered that you carried on the business of a merchant, and were established at Santa Fe. This is all false. You never were a merchant. You are a senator, and reside in Mexico. Lastly—you said you were only crossing the desert on your road to Monterey, where the interests of your pretended business called you. As for the latter assertion, I need hardly, I believe, prove its falsehood to you, for this is palpable from the other answers you made. Now I await your reply, if you have one to make—which I doubt."

Don Estevan had had time enough to recover from the rude blow he had received; hence he did not feel alarmed, as he believed he could guess whence the attack came, and by what means those in whose presence he now was had obtained this information about him. Hence he replied in a sarcastic tone, and drawing in his lips spitefully—

"Why do you fancy I cannot answer you, Caballero? Nothing is more easy; on the contrary, *caspita!* because, during my fainting fit, you—shall I say robbed me? No, I am polite; I will therefore say—adroitly carried off my portfolio; and because, after opening it, you obtained certain information, you throw it in my face, convinced that I shall feel disarmed by your being so conversant with my affairs. Nonsense! you are mad, on my soul. All these things are absurdities, which will not bear analysis. Yes, it is true that my name is Don Estevan. I was born at Guana-juato, in 1805, and am a senator—what next? Those are strong motives on which to base an accusation against a Caballero! *Cuerpo de Cristo!* am I the only man in the desert who assumes a name other than his own? By what right do you, who only call each other by your surnames, wish to prevent me from following your example? It is the height of absurdity; and if you have no better reason to allege, I must ask you to let me go and attend to my affairs in peace."

"We have others," Don Miguel answered, in an icy tone.

"I know your reasons. You, Don Miguel, who are also called Don Terrible and sometimes Don Jose, accuse me of having laid a trap for you, from which you were only saved by a miracle. But that is a matter between ourselves, in which Heaven alone must be the arbiter."

"Do not bring that name forward. I have already told you that I was not your accuser, but your judge."

"Very good. Restore me my portfolio, and let us stop here, believe me, for in all this there is no advantage for you, unless you have resolved to assassinate me, which is very possible; and in that case I am at your service. I do not pretend to contend against the thirty or forty bandits who surround me. So kill me if you think proper, and let us have an end of it."

Don Stefano uttered these words with a tone of sovereign contempt, which his judges, like men whose mind is made up beforehand, did not appear to notice.

"We have not stolen your portfolio," Don Miguel answered; "not one of us has seen it, much less opened it. We are not bandits, and have no design to assassinate you. We are assembled to try you according to the regulations of Lynch law; and we perform this duty with all the impartiality of which we are capable."

"If that be the case, let my accuser appear, and I will confound him. Why does he hide himself so obstinately? Justice must be done in the sight of all. Let this man come, who asserts that he has such heavy crimes to bring against me—let him come, and I will prove him a vile calumniator."

Don Estevan had scarcely uttered these words, ere the branches of a neighboring bush were drawn back, and a man appeared. He walked hastily toward the Mexican, and laid his hand boldly on his shoulder.

"Prove to me, then, that I am a vile calumniator, Don Estevan," he said, in a low and concentrated voice, as he regarded him with an expression of implacable hatred.

"Oh," Don Estevan exclaimed, "my brother!" and lolling like a drunken man, he recoiled a few paces, his face covered with a deadly pallor, his eyes suffused with blood, and immeasurably dilated. Don Mariano held him with a firm hand, to prevent him falling on the ground, and placed his face almost close to his.

"I am your accuser, Estevan," he said. "Accursed one, what have you done with my daughter?"

The other made no reply. Don Mariano regarded him for a moment with an expression impossible to describe, and disdainfully threw him off with a gesture of sovereign contempt. The wretch tottered, and stretched out his arms, trying instinctively to keep up; but his strength failed him; he fell on his knees, and buried his face in his hand, with an expression of despair and baffled rage, the hideousness of which no pencil could render.

The spectators remained calm and stoical. They had not uttered a word or made a sign; but a secret terror had seized upon them, and they exchanged looks which, if the accused had seen them, would have revealed to him the fate which in their minds they reserved for him.

Don Mariano gave his two servants a signal to follow him, and, with one on either side, he took his place in the centre of the clearing, in front of the improvised tribunal, and began speaking in a powerful, clear, and accented voice.

"Listen to me, Caballeros, and when I have told you all I have to say about the man you see there crushed and confounded, before I had even uttered a word, you will judge him according to your conscience, without hatred or anger. That man is my brother. When young, for a reason it is unnecessary to explain here, my father wished to drive him from his presence. I interceded for him, and though I did not obtain his entire pardon, still he was tolerated beneath the paternal roof. Days passed, years slipped away, the boy became a man; my father, at his death, gave me his whole fortune, to the prejudice of his other son, whom he had cursed. I tore up the will, summoned that man to my side, and restored him, a beggar and a wretch, that share of the wealth and comfort of which his father, in my opinion, had not the right to deprive him."

Don Mariano stopped, and turned to his servants. The two men stretched out their right hands together, took off their hats, and said, in one voice, as if replying to their master's dumb questioning,—

"We affirm that all this is strictly true."

"Hence this man owed me everything—fortune, position, future; for, owing to my influence, I succeeded in having him elected a senator. Let us now see how he rewarded me for so many kindnesses, and the extent of his gratitude. He had succeeded in making me forget what I regarded as errors of youth, and persuade myself that he was entirely reformed: his conduct was ostensibly irreproachable; under certain circumstances, he had even displayed a rigor of principle, for which I was obliged to reprove him; in a word, he had succeeded in making me his dupe. Married, and father of two children, he brought them up with a strictness which, in my eyes, was a proof of his reformation; and he carefully repeated to me often, 'I do not wish my children to become what I have been.' Owing to one of those numberless *pronunciamentos* which undermine and dismember our fine country, I was an object of suspicion to the new government, through some dark machination, and compelled to fly at once to save my threatened life. I knew not to whom to confide my wife and daughter, who, in spite of their desire, could not follow me. My brother offered to watch over them. A secret presentiment, a voice from heaven, which I did wrong to despise, warned my heart not to put faith in this man, nor accept his proposition. Time pressed; I must depart; the soldiers sent to arrest me were thundering at the door of my house; I confided what was dearest to me in the world to that coward there, and fled. During the two years my absence lasted, I wrote letter after letter to my brother, and received no reply. I was suffering from mortal alarm, and was almost resolved, at all risks, to return to Mexico, when, thanks to certain friends who were indefatigable in my behalf, my name was erased from the list of proscripts, and I was permitted to return to my country.—Scarcely two hours after receiving the news, I set out. I arrived at Vera Cruz four days later. Without taking time to rest, I mounted a horse, and galloped off, only leaving my wearied steed to take another, along the seventy leagues of road separating the capital from the port, and dismounted at my brother's door. He was away, but a letter from him informed me that, compelled by urgent business to proceed to New Orleans, he would return in a month, and begged me to await him. But not a word about my wife and daughter; not a syllable about the fortune I had entrusted to him. My alarm was changed into terror, and I presaged a misfortune. I left my brother's house half mad, remounted the almost foundered horse that had brought me there, and proceeded as rapidly as possible to my own house. Windows and doors were closed; the house I had left so gay and animated was silent and gloomy as a tomb. I stood for a moment, not daring to rap at the door. At length I made up my mind, preferring the reality, however horrible it might be, to the uncertainty which drove me mad."

At this point in his story, Don Mariano stopped. His voice was broken by the internal emotion he experienced, and which it was impossible for him to master any longer.

There was a solemn silence.

Don Estevan had not changed his position. Since the beginning of his brother's narrative, he appeared to be plunged in profound grief, and crushed by remorse.

Presently, Bermudez, seeing that his master was incapable of continuing his narrative, took the word in his turn,—

"It was I who opened the door. Heaven is my witness that I love my master, and unhesitatingly would I lay down my life for him. Alas! I was fated to cause him the greatest grief it is possible for a man to suffer—forced to answer the questions he pressed on me. I told him of the decease of his wife and daughter, who had died a few weeks after each other in the Convent of the Bernardines. The blow was terrible; Don Mariano fell as if struck by lightning. One evening, when, as was his custom since his return, Don Mariano was alone in his bedroom, with his face buried in his hands, giving way to sorrowful reflections, while regarding, with eyes full of tears, the portrait of the dear beings he was never to see again, a man, wrapped up in a large cloak, and with a sombrero pulled down over his eyes, demanded speech of Senor de Real del Monte. On my remarking that his Excellency saw nobody, this man insisted with strange tenacity, declaring he had to hand to my master a letter, the contents of which were of the utmost importance. I know not how it was, but the man's tone appeared to me so sincere that, in spite of myself, I infringed the positive orders I had received, and led him to Don Mariano."

That gentleman, at this moment, raised his head, and laid his hand on the old servant's arm.

"Let me continue now, Bermudez," he said. "What I have to add is not much."

Then turning to the hunters, who still appeared cold and apathetic, he went on,—

"When this man was in my presence, he said, without any introductory remarks, 'Excellency, you weep for two persons who were very dear to you, and whose fate is unknown to you.'

"'They are dead,' I replied.

"'Perhaps so,' he said. 'What will you give the man who brings you, I will not say good news, but a slight hope?'

"Without replying, I rose and went to a cabinet, in which I kept my gold and jewels.

"'Hold out your hat,' I said to him.

"In a second the hat was full of golden ornaments. The stranger put them all out of sight, and said, with a low bow,—

"'My name is Pepito; I am a little of all trades. A man, whose name you need not know, gave me this strip of paper, with orders to hand it to you immediately on your arrival in Mexico. I only learned your return this morning, and have now come to carry out the order I received.'

"I tore the paper from his hands and read it, while Pepito deluged me with thanks, to which I did not listen, and then retired. This was what the paper contained."

Don Miguel stretched out his arm toward Don Mariano.

"A friend of the Real del Monte family," the Gambusino said, in a loud voice, "warns Don Mariano that he has been shamelessly deceived by the man in whom he placed entire confidence, and who owed everything to him. That man poisoned Dona Serafina de Real del Monte. Don Mariano's daughter was buried alive in the *Fosse* of the Bernardine Convent. If Senor del Monte desires to examine thoroughly the frightful machinations of which he has been the victim, and perchance see again one of the two persons whom the man who deceived fancied had disappeared forever, let Don Mariano keep the contents of this letter the most profound secret, feign the same ignorance, but quietly make preparations for a long journey, which no one must suspect. On the next 5th November, at sunset, a man will be at the Teocali do Quinametzin (the Giant). This man will accost Don Mariano by pronouncing two names, those of his wife and daughter. Then he will tell him all that he is ignorant of, and perhaps be able to restore him a little of the happiness he has lost."

The note ended here, and was not signed.

"That is true," Don Mariano said, utterly astounded; "but how did you learn these details? It was doubtlessly yourself who—"

"When the time arrives, I will answer you," Don Miguel said, in a peremptory tone. "Go on."

"What more shall I say? I started for the strange meeting promised me, nourishing in my heart I know not what mad hopes.—Alas! man is so constituted that he clings to everything which can aid him in doubting a misfortune. This day, God, who has probably taken pity on me, made me meet the man who is my brother; the sight of him caused me an astonishment I cannot express. How could it be he, when he had written me he was gone to New Orleans? A vague suspicion, which I had hitherto repulsed, gnawed at my heart with such force that I began to believe, though it appeared to me very horrible, that my brother was the traitor to whom I owed all my misfortunes. Still I doubted, I was undecided, when this portfolio, lost by the wretch and found by the Indian Chief, Flying Eagle, suddenly tore off the thick bandage that covered my eyes, by giving me all the proofs of the odious machinations and crimes committed by this wretch, this cruel fratricide, for the ignoble object of robbing me of my fortune to enrich his children. Here is the portfolio. Read the papers it contains, and decide between my villainous brother and myself."

While saying this, Don Mariano offered the portfolio to Don Miguel, who, however, declined it.

"Those proofs are unnecessary for us, Don Mariano," he said; "we possess others more convincing still."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall understand."

And Don Miguel rose.

Without being able to explain why it was so, Don Estevan felt a shiver all over his body, for he guessed, by a species of intuition, that his brother's accusation contained nothing so terrible as the facts Don Miguel was preparing to reveal. He threw up his head slightly, bent forward, and with panting chest and dilated nostrils, fascinated, as it were, by the chief of the adventurers, he awaited with constantly increasing anxiety, what Don Miguel was going to say.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

DON'T TOUCH THE FLAG.—The St. Louis Democrat says that a few days ago the flag raised by Col. Morgan, at Platte City, Missouri, was torn down, against the remonstrances of the few remaining citizens of that place. Indignant at the outrage, and aware of the consequences should the perpetrators escape, the men engaged in the desecration were arrested, and, as we are informed, delivered to Colonel Morgan. He immediately ordered a court martial; the men were found guilty, and sentenced to be shot, which sentence was forthwith carried into effect.

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Thursday morning, 9th instant, two little boys, named Lowe and M'Nary, hitched up a Newfoundland dog in a sled, and went to take a ride upon the Scioto River, near Columbus, Ohio. The ice unfortunately broke, and both the little fellows went under. When the boys fell in the dog made most frantic efforts to save them. In the struggle he tore himself loose from his toy harness, and went crushing a perfect channel through the ice to reach the bodies of his little masters. Efforts were made to resuscitate them, but all availed nothing.

ENGLISH HUMANITY.—The English press are bewailing with horror the barbarous modes of conducting the civil war in the United States, but they have no horror for the English mode of dealing with Hindoo prisoners during the East India rebellion, by lashing them to the muzzles of cannon and blowing them to pieces by firing them off in platoons.

MR WEED writes from London to the Albany Journal: "I stated in a former letter that the Queen is our friend. I am enabled to say, on reliable authority, that the last one the Prince Consort made of his pen, was, at the Queen's request, to soften the despatch sent to Lord Lyons." This was a fitting good work for a dying man.

ECONOMY is needed in the camps, as well as in every other department of the public service. A General of high command says that the provisions wasted by the soldiers of the army of the Potomac would subsist a French army of equal numbers.

IT LOOKS LIKE MOVING.—Twenty-four wagons, designed for the conveyance of the baggage of General McClellan and staff, have been prepared. They all have matched horses, and the words, "Commander of the United States Army," are painted on the canvas and the wagons.

THE population of the British provinces in America, according to the latest census reports, was nearly three and a quarter millions, of which Canada East had 1,103,666; Canada West, 1,395,222; Nova Scotia, 330,857; New Brunswick, 250,000; Newfoundland, 122,638. Total, 3,302,383. The whole population does not quite equal that of the single state of New York.

KILLED BY ACONITE.—Mr. Ryan, of Worcester, Massachusetts, died suddenly on the 12th instant, from taking a little aconite on the tongue from a bottle. The aconite had been prescribed by a physician, to be applied externally in the case of another person who was troubled with neuralgia. Mr. Ryan took the bottle and tasted the medicine, and died very soon afterwards.

LIBERALITY OF VERMONT.—The Vermont troops in the army of the Potomac are to be envied by all their fellow soldiers. Their state has opened a bank account with each one of them, and regularly passes to his credit $7 a month. This sum may be obtained for by the volunteer if he is a single man—If married, it is to be paid to his family. If permitted to remain undrawn in the state treasury for six months the rate of 6 per cent. is allowed.

FARMING.—Franklin Snyder has raised, during the past year, four fine hogs, upon the farm of E. S. Winden, Esq., which weighed at fifteen months old, when slaughtered, 1,891 pounds. He also cut from three acres of land, oats producing 1874 bushels, thus showing what high farming will accomplish.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, in a recent lecture, said:—"When I said that I would not sustain the Constitution because it was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, I had no thought at that time that death and hell would recede from the Constitution. [Tremendous and prolonged applause.] And therefore it is that I as a loyal man, and every other Abolitionist, are with the Government."

THE amount of the Government contracts for small arms, to be delivered six months hence, reaches $37,000,000, and the aggregate of the Army Bill about to be reported to the House is $500,000,000.

THE REBELS BAD PAY.—The English coupons for the January dividends on the Virginia bonds, have been returned by Messrs. Baring Bros., with the answer, "No advices to pay." The same answer is anticipated relative to the debts of the other Southern states.

OUR troops have made a descent upon Lexington, Mo., captured a company of sixty rebels, arrested many secessionists, and captured a large amount of rebel supplies.

NEGROES ON THE CONTINENT.—It is estimated that there are some fourteen million persons of African descent on this continent. In the United States they number 4,500,000; Brazil, 4,150,000; Cuba, 1,500,000; South and Central American Republics, 1,200,000; Hayti, 3,000,000; British Possessions, 800,000; French, 250,000; Dutch, Danish and Mexican, 200,000.

GEN. LANE is to have twenty-five Western regiments for his South-West Expedition—fifteen of them regulars—and eight batteries of artillery. Lane's friends say that he does not intend to conquer a place but once—and proposes to be at New Orleans by April next. He will employ contrabands, take hand-mills for grinding corn, and move rapidly, unburdened by either much baggage or red-tape. Gen. Lane was to leave Washington on Monday for Kansas, to take the head of his brigade. He recently had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary of War, and Gen. McClellan. They gave him full liberty to conduct the campaign to Kansas on his own principles.

PRINCE ALBERT'S death was recorded in the register book of the Windsor district by Mr. Towers, the registar of births and deaths, the Prince of Wales signing the entry as informant "present at death." The fatal disease was recorded, "typhoid fever, duration twenty-one days," as certified in writing by the physicians who had been in attendance on the deceased.

MR C. F. ADAMS has sent a dispatch to the Collector of New York to the effect that the pirate Sumter was recently at Cadiz, Spain. The Sumter had burned three vessels.

150 more Union prisoners have arrived at Fortress Monroe from Richmond. They hailed the stars and stripes with shouts, tears, and waving of hats and crutches.

GEN. LANE'S right to his seat in the Senate was confirmed by a vote of 24 against 16.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at Leavenworth, Kansas, that four thousand loyal Indians in Cherokee county were attacked, on the 9th inst., by a superior force of Texans and rebel Indians, and were compelled to retreat. They are now in Kansas.

THE small pox is spreading in Washington. The army is free from it, but the citizens are attacked. Fortunately, as yet, but few fatal cases are known to have taken place.

THE PLUNDERERS OF THE NATION.

MR DAWES' SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

Mr. Dawes (Rep., Mass.) from the Committee of Investigation on Government Contracts said—

Sir: I have not failed to notice, and I believe the Committee of which I am a member, have not failed to notice, in common with the whole country, that for some unaccountable reason, the charges upon the National Treasury, at this time of war, have been such as to reach nearly the bottom of the public chest. During the investigation, startling facts have come before the notice of this Committee, and to the notice of the whole country, touching the mode and manner of the expenditure of the public money. Some of these items I propose to call public attention to, and then to ask gentlemen the plain question, when they propose to meet this question, if at all, and if so, how, when, and where? The very first contract entered into by this Government, after the troops had left their homes to come here, in April last, to defend the Capital, by which they were to be fed, was a contract entered into for cattle. It was not made with a man whose business it was to supply cattle to the market, not with a man who knew the price of beef in the markets of the country, but was entered into by the Government here with a man well known in this, and in the other branch of Congress, for the last ten years, as an old stipendiary—one of the class of men, who, in times past, made their money by such operations as buying the certificates of members for books at a discount, and then charging the full amount. This contract was made so that the first twenty-two hundred head of cattle furnished was charged at a rate which enabled their original contractor to sub-let it in twenty-four hours after to a man in New York who did not know the price of beef, so that he put into his pockets, without stirring from his chair, $32,000, and the men who actually furnished the cattle in question put into their pockets $26,000 more, so that the contract under which these 2,200 head of cattle were furnished to the army was so made that the profit of $58,000 was realized over the fair market price. It takes a longer time for a thousand head of cattle to reach this city from the states where they are purchased than it takes the army to consume them. I ask the House, at this rate, to consider how long the most ample provisions of the Treasury would be able to meet the simple demands for the subsistence of the army. Sir, poorly as the army is shod to-day, a million of shoes have already been worn out, and a million more are being manufactured, and yet upon every one of these shoes there has been a waste of seventy-five cents. Three-quarters of a million of dollars have been already worn out, and another three-quarters of a million of dollars upon shoes is now being manufactured. In another department of the Government contracts have been so plenty that Government officials have gone about the streets with their pockets filled with them, and of which they made presents to the clergymen of their parishes, and with which were healed old political sores and cured political feuds. Even the telegraph has announced that high public functionaries have graced the love-feasts which were got up to celebrate these political reconciliations, thus brought about while the hatchet of political animosity was buried in the grave of political confidence, and the national credit was crucified among malefactors. We have reported to us the first fruits of these contracts. A regiment of cavalry lately reached Louisville, 1,000 strong, and the Board of Army officers there appointed for the purpose, have condemned 485 out of the 1,000 horses as utterly worthless. The man who examined those horses declared, upon his oath, that there was not one of them that was worth $20. They were blind, spavined, ringboned, afflicted with the heaves, with the glanders, and with every disease that horse-flesh is heir to. These 485 horses cost the Government, before they were mustered into the service, $58,200, besides more than an additional $1,000 to transport them from Pennsylvania to Louisville, where they were condemned and cast off.

Mr. Mallory (Un., Ky.,) asked what regiment those horses belonged to, and who furnished them.

Mr. Dawes—They belonged to Col. Williams's regiment of cavalry, and they were purchased in Pennsylvania, from which state they were forwarded to Louisville, where they were condemned. There are eighty-three regiments of cavalry to-day, 1,000 strong. It takes $250,000 to put one of these regiments on foot before it moves. Twenty millions of dollars had thus been expended on these cavalry regiments before they left the encampments where they were mustered into service, and hundreds of these horses have been condemned and sent back to Elmira, and to Annapolis, and to this city, to spend the winter. Any day hundreds of them can be seen round this city, chained to trees, where they were left to starve to death. Gangs of two hundred horses, in various places, have been thus left to die and rot, till the Committee on the District of Columbia have called for a measure of legislation to protect the city from the danger to be apprehended from these horse Golgothas. An ex-Governor of one state offered, to an ex-Judge of another state $5,000 to get him permission to raise one of these regiments of cavalry, and when the ex-Judge brought back the commission, the ex-Governor takes it to his room at the hotel, while another plunderer sits at the keyhole watching like a mastiff while he inside counts up $40,000 profit on the horses, and calculates $20,000 more upon the accoutrements, and on the other details of furnishing these regiments. In addition to the arms in the hands of the 600,000 soldiers in the field, there are numerous outstanding contracts, made with private individuals—not made upon advertisement, not made with the knowledge of the public, but made by ex-members of Congress, who knew no more of the difference between one class of arms and another than does a Methodist minister. There are outstanding contracts for the manufacture of Springfield muskets, the first one of which cannot be delivered in six months from this day. There is a contract for the supply of one million and ninety thousand muskets, at twenty-eight dollars apiece, when the same quality of muskets are manufactured at Springfield for thirteen and a half apiece; and an ex-member of Congress is now in Massachusetts, trying to get machinery made by which he will be able to manufacture in some six months hence, at twenty-one dollars apiece, those rifled muskets manufactured to-day in that armory for thirteen dollars and a half. Providence, before six months, will dispose of this war, or He will dispose of us. Not one of those muskets, thus contracted for, will be of the slightest service in this emergency, or before the Providence of God, whether for good or for evil, will dispose of it. I ask my friends from the North and North West how they expect to benefit by an armory at Chicago, at Rock Island and at Quincy, when 1,000,000 muskets will, according to this contract, be thrown upon the country, and that after the war is over, and at such an enormous price, in addition to other outstanding contracts for the manufacture, some time hence, of 272,000 Enfield rifles? Besides, there are 75,543 sets of harness, to be delivered by-and-by, at the cost of $1,978,446. I have not time to enumerate all these contracts. When we appropriated at the last session of Congress, for this purpose, $20,000,000, thirty-seven millions and some thousand dollars had been already pledged to contractors—not for the purchase of arms for the men in the field, not to protect them in fighting their country's battles in this great emergency and peril, but for some future use, for some future occasion, or to meet some present need of the contractors, I don't know which at this moment. And not only the appropriation of last session has been exhausted, but $17,000,000 put upon it. The riot of the 19th of April, in Baltimore, opened this hell, and on the 21st of April, in the city of New York, there was organized a corps of plunderers of the Treasury. Two millions of dollars were entrusted to a poor, unfortunate, honest, but entirely incompetent editor of a paper in New York, to dispense it in the best manner he could. Straightway this gentleman began to purchase linen pantaloons, straw hats, London porter, dried herrings, and such like provisions for the army, till he expended in this way $390,000 of the money, and then he got scared and quit. [Laughter.] There is an appropriation, also, for the supply of wood to the army.—This contractor is pledged the payment of $7 a cord for all the wood delivered to the different commands—wood collected after the labor of the soldiers themselves had cut down the trees to clear the ground for their batteries, and then this contractor employs the army wagons to draw it to the several camps, and he has no further trouble than to draw his $7 for a cord, leaving the Government to draw the wood. [Laughter.] It costs two millions of dollars every day to support the army in the field. A hundred millions of dollars have thus been expended since we met on the 22d day of December, and all that time the army has been in repose. What the expenditure will increase to when that great day shall arrive when our eyes shall be gladdened with a sight of the army in motion, I do not know. Another hundred millions will go with the hundreds more I have enumerated. Another hundred millions may be added to these before the 4th of March. What it may cost to put down the rebellion I care very little, provided, always, that it be put down effectually. But, sir, faith without works is dead, and I am free to confess that that my faith sometimes fails me—I mean my faith in men, not my faith in the cause. When the history of these times shall be written, it will be a question upon whom the guilt will rest most heavily—upon him who has conspired to destroy, or upon him who has proved incompetent to preserve, the institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers. It is no wonder that the public treasury trembles and staggers like a strong man with too great a burden upon him. A strong man in an air-exhausted receiver is not more helpless to-day than is the Treasury of this Government beneath the exhausting process to which it is subjected. The mighty monarch of the forest himself may hold at bay the fiercest, mightiest of his foes, while the vile cur, coming up behind him and opening his fangs, gives him a fatal wound, and although he may struggle on boldly and valiantly, the life blood is silently trickling from his heart, and he is at last forced to loosen his grasp, and he grows faint, and falters and dies. The Treasury notes issued in the face of these immense outlays, without a revenue from custom house, from land sales, from any source whatever, are beginning to fall in the market. Already have they begun to sell at six per cent. discount at the tables of the money-changers; and at the very time, too, that we here exhibit the singular spectacle of fraud, and of a struggle with the Committee of Ways and Means itself, in an endeavor to lift up and sustain the Government of the country. Already the sutler—that curse of the camp—is following the Paymaster, as the shark follows the ship, buying up for four dollars every five dollars of the wages of the soldiers, paid to them in Treasury notes. I have no desire to hasten the movements of the army, or to criticise the conduct of its leaders, but in view of the stupendous drafts upon the Treasury, I must say that I long for the day of striking the blow which will bring this rebellion to an end. Sixty days longer of this state of things will bring about a result one way or another. It is impossible that the Treasury of the United States can meet, and continue to meet, this state of things sixty days longer; and an ignominious peace must be submitted to unless we see to it that the credit of the country is sustained, and sustained, too, by the conviction going forth from this hall to the people of the country, that they will treat as traitors not only those who are bold and manly enough to meet us face to face in the field of strife, but all those, also, who clandestinely and stealthily suck the life-blood from us in this mighty struggle. Whatever measures may emanate from the Committee on Ways and Means to meet and retrieve this state of things, they will but fall like a dead pall upon the public unless they give this assurance, that these extraordinary and extreme measures to resuscitate, revive, and replenish the Treasury, are not made to fill further and longer the already gorged pockets of the public plunderers. How, then, are we to contribute in this matter to revive public confidence in our public men here, if it be not when these appropriations come up that we probe them, that we ascertain whether there be anything in them that at this moment can be spared? Our pressing duty now is to protect and save the Treasury from further wholesale or other system of plundering. In conclusion, he argued against paying for printing the Treasury notes, on the ground that the contract was improperly obtained.

A CONTRABAND AND LOYAL GOVERNOR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—*A commander of the navy* in the course of a private letter, dated Port Royal, Dec. 31, says:

"In a previous letter, I informed you that we had taken possession of St. Helena Sound and the islands adjacent thereto, and the white people having completely deserted the forts, houses and hamlets, left some twelve or fifteen hundred negroes to take care of themselves. I learn that these negroes, although persuaded and commanded to come away, positively refused, notwithstanding they were threatened and told by their masters that the Lincolnites would kill every man of them. They determined to remain, and remain they did. We formed them into a colony, and permitted them to select one of their number to be denominated as Governor, to whom all the blacks should be obedient, with an assurance of protection from us for all.

"A day or two since, while everything was looking very quiet, a rebel sergeant and two privates from Charleston, armed with muskets, pistols and cutlasses, came down to St. Helena to recover some property or things they had forgotten and left behind. As they neared the village, the Governor ordered out the whole force, surrounded the three rebels, and demanded an unconditional surrender, or instant death. Seeing themselves overpowered, and knowing that the terms would be fulfilled, they surrendered, arms and all, when the Governor immediately ordered them to be sent on board one of our gunboats, and they are now prisoners on board of the Wabash."

NEW REBEL FLAG.—A new rebel flag, a white cross upon a red ground, with stars above and below the arms, is said to have made its appearance at Manassas. Some think that this is to supercede the stars and bars altogether.

WAS IT FRAUD OR TREACHERY?—We have before us three cartridges brought to us from Annapolis by a friend. They are a portion of the ammunition for Enfield rifles served out to Burnside's forces for the great expedition. To the eye they are alike in appearance, and the slight difference in weight could not instantly be detected. But the difference is that one of the three contains not a particle of powder. A prominent officer in the expedition told our informant that this was about the proportion throughout the Enfield cartridges—one third of them carefully put up without powder. Now here is a case for investigation. Was it fraud or treachery that seeks to palm off upon our brave troops, on the eve of an expedition, sham cartridges? Let us have an explanation of this affair, Secretary Stanton.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MARRIAGE OF LILIPUTIAN PEOPLE.—Gen. Tom Thumb, during his recent sojourn in Canada West, was called upon one day to preside at a wedding, in which the bride and bridegroom were only a few inches taller than himself. The General drove to the church in his miniature turn-out, and enjoyed the honor and felicity of giving away the bride. Mr. Charles Henry Richardson, the bridegroom, is just three feet high (only six inches taller than the General), and twenty-eight years of age. Miss Elizabeth Carter, the bride, is only thirty-four inches high and twenty-four years of age. Both are said to be in easy circumstances.

THE Charleston Mercury recommends the shooting of slaves who refuse to follow their masters. That would be constitutional, we suppose. These rebels are great sticklers for constitutions—but they don't like their rules to work both ways.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a fair demand for Flour; sales of 18,000 bbls, principally Western, at $5,75@6; 2000 bbls common and good extra, included in the above, sold at $5,50@5,75; 800 bbls superfine at $5,25@5,37½. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to $7 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is but little inquired for, and is selling in a small way only at $3,75 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is also very quiet at $3 for Pennsylvania. 300 bbls Brandywine sold at $3,12½ ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat, with sales of about 50,000 bushels to note at from 135 to 135c for inferior to good reds; 136@137c for prime lots, and 140 to 150c for common to choice white in store. Rye has been arriving and selling in a small way at 72@73c for Pennsylvania. Corn continued steady, with light receipts and sales, in all about 30,000 bus, mostly new Pennsylvania yellow, at 58@58½c, in store, including mixed lots at 56c, and old at 60c. Oats are firmer, and rather more active at the close, with sales of 30,000 bus Pennsylvania at 38@38½c, chiefly at the latter rate. Barley is steady, with sales of New York State at 80@85c. Pennsylvania Barley is worth 70@75c. Of white Beans, sales have been made at $1,87½@2 ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market is inactive. We quote Mess Pork at $12@12,75, the latter for city packed, and Mess Beef at $12@14 ℔ bbl.—Dressed Hogs have been sold at $4@4,35 the 100 lbs, mostly at the former figure. Bacon and Green Meats move off slowly, and in the sales making prices are nominally unchanged. Of Lard the receipts and sales are moderate at 7½@8c for tcs and bbls, and 8¾@9c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is unchanged, packed selling at 8@10c, and roll at 13@16c ℔ lb. Cheese is steady at 7@8c, and Eggs are lower, selling at 14c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced and the market is firm, and a few small lots only have found buyers at 33@37c, cash, for low grade and middling quality, the latter for Uplands.

ASHES continue in limited demand and firm, with a small business to note at quotations.

BARK—There is little or no Quercitron offering, and 1st No 1 is scarce and wanted at $31, with further small sales at that rate. In Tanners' Bark there is nothing doing.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good Yellow is wanted at 32@33c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market is very inactive, and prices the same, with but few orders coming in, the shipping season being over, and the demand is mostly to supply the home trade.

COFFEE—A cargo of Rio and one of Laguayra have arrived; sales of 2500 bags, mostly of the former at 17½@21¼c for common to prime quality, including Laguayra, in small lots, at 22¼c, and Jamaica at 22c, mostly on time.

COPPER is better. Sheathing is held at 30c, and Yellow Metal at 25c, on time, without any sales at the advance.

FEATHERS continue dull, and good Western move off slowly at 36@38c ℔ lb, the latter in a small way.

FRUITS—Dried Fruit has been moving off more freely at 6@6¼c for Apples, and 8@9¼c for unpared Peaches, mostly at the latter rate for prime lots. Pared Peaches continue scarce and high. Of Green Apples sales are making at $3@4, and Cranberries at $5@10 ℔ bbl.

HAY continues in fair demand, prices ranging at 85@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is a good demand for foreign, which is scarce and on the advance. Of American the stock is also light, and holders firm.

HOPS are unchanged, with a little more business to note at 20@22c for good Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple is firm; sales of 1000 tons white forge Pig at $17, and some No 1 and 2, in lots, at $30 for the former, and $19 for the latter, mostly cash. Scotch Pig is held for higher prices. Of Bars and Rails the sales are to a fair extent, at fully former rates.

LEAD—The market is firm, but the stock is about all out of first hands, and we hear of no sales. Galena is held at 7c ℔ lb.

LUMBER—The stocks of all kinds are light, and the demand fair at fully former rates; business, however, is over for the season.

MOLASSES continues dull; a cargo of Cuba sold to go out of the market on terms kept private, and a few small lots Clayed and Muscovado at quotations; some small sales of Syrup are also reported at 32@35c, cash and short time.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, the season being over, and we quote Soft nominally at $2,25 ℔ ton.

RICE is firmer, with small sales of Carolina at 7@7¼c ℔ lb, and the stock very light.

SEEDS—There has been more demand for Clover seed, and all offered, some 3000 bus, sold at from $4,25 to $4,75, mostly at $4,50@4,62½ ℔ bus; 500 bags recleaned seed in shipping order, sold at 7¼c, and 200 do at 7¾c ℔ lb. Timothy is quiet, with sales at $1,50@1,75, and Flaxseed less active at $2,10@2,15 ℔ bus.

SPICES—The market continues active, and on the advance, with further sales, mostly in a small way, on terms kept private, including 250 bags Pepper at 30c cash.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, with a limited business to note. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 32@33c. Whiskey has been unsettled and lower, but closed firmer and more active, with sales of 2000 bbls, mostly Ohio, at 24@25c, and drudge at 23@23½c.

SUGARS—The market is firm and more active at the close, with sales of 700 hhds Cuba at 7¼@8¾c; 800 boxes at 7¾@8¼c, on time, and 5000 bags Brazil on terms kept private.

TALLOW—The market has been active, with sales of city rendered to some extent at 9½c, and country at 8½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing for the want of stock, and no change in the market for either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL—There has been a pause in the demand for this staple, and the market is inactive with a light business only to note in most grade at about previous rates, chiefly foreign in mixed lots, on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1257 head. The prices realized were from $7 to 8½ ℔ cwt. 80 Cows brought from $25 to 33 ℔ head. 2000 Sheep were sold at from $4 to 5 ℔ cwt gross. 1400 Hogs sold at from 4¾ to 5¼ ℔ cwt net.

CIRCULAR.—UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE, AGRICULTURAL DIVISION, Washington, Jan. 15, 1862.—The cultivation of cotton in the milder portions of the free states is beginning to attract general attention.

To prevent failures in its cultivation, it is proper to remark that it is a principle in vegetable physiology that tropical plants can never be acclimated north except by a repeated reproduction of *new varieties* from seed.

The attempt to grow "Sea Island" cotton, such as is now brought from Hilton Head, would prove a failure in any portion of the free states. The only variety capable of successful cultivation in those sections now seeking its introduction is the "green seed" cotton, such as is now being raised extensively in Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and portions of Kentucky, and which produces the "white fibre." Seed should be obtained from these localities. The modifications of soil and climate will influence the size of the plant, the length and fineness of the fibre, and the product of the crop. No reasonable doubt is entertained of the success of the culture in all mild portions of the middle states, and efforts are now making by this division to procure the proper seed for distribution.

SORGHUM.—The results of the cultivation of sorgho the past year settle the question of its entire practical success. The value of its product is now counted by millions, and its cultivation is becoming a subject of absorbing interest.

One of the difficulties presenting itself is the want of pure seed. To meet this want this division has ordered seed from France for distribution the ensuing spring. It must be borne in mind, however, that the same causes which have produced deterioration here exists there, and well grounded apprehensions are entertained that the seed thus imported may not be free from suspicion.

Farmers interested should secure pure seed from among themselves when it is possible, as the season is so far advanced that direct importations from Africa or China would be impracticable. D. P. HOLLOWAY, Commissioner of Patents.

RUMORED PURPOSE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.—A correspondent in Birmingham, England, writes the N. Y. Evening Post that it is understood abroad that the object of Mason and Slidell's mission was the negotiation of a treaty with England and France; that the South was reported to have made overtures for the grant of extensive commercial privileges for a term of years; and that the emancipation of the slaves was the inducement held out by the rebels to obtain treaty stipulations and the support of the European powers. It is further reported that news of this movement was conveyed to Gen. Scott by Prince Napoleon.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S DEFEAT.—The War Department has official dispatches from Kentucky, giving an account of the dispersal of Marshall's rebels. Col. Garfield took 25 prisoners, and drove the whole of Marshall's force in confusion. The battle was a serious one. Our force was 1,100 men, and Marshall's 2,500 men and three cannon. Col. Garfield took all their positions. The enemy lost 60 men, of whom 20 were found dead on the field. Col. Garfield lost 2 killed and 25 wounded. He crossed the river and occupied Prestonburg.

NEARLY twenty-five cavalry regiments have been altered to infantry regiments within a short time.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 7th, 1862, by the Rev. Jos. Wilson, at his residence, in Fairfield, Passaic county, N. J., Rev. John G. Wilson, of Philada. to Miss EMILY GAYLORD, late of Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa.

At Calcutta, Oct. 10th, 1861, in the Free Church of Scotland, by the Rev. Dr. Duff, Dr. JOHN NEWTON, of Kapoorthala, North India, to SALLIE E. WIGFALL, of Abington, Pa.

On the 14th instant, at St. John's Church, Brandywine village, Del. by the Rev. S. Parker, WILLIAM L. WALLACE, of Tarrytown, N. Y., to CAROLINE GOLDSBOROUGH, daughter of Colonel John L. Gardner, U. S. Army.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Johnston, at his residence, in Manua, DAVID ALLEN, of this city, to RACHEL M. SULLIVAN, of New York city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. Mullin, Mr. JOHN W. MCDANIEL, of Youngstown, Ohio, to Miss ELLA E. MENDENHALL, of this city.

Dec. 24th, 1861, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, ISIDOR HIRSCH, to Miss KATE REISENDEN, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of Jan., 1862, in Fayette Township, Juniata county, Pa., WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, son of Judson and Hannah Maria Hunt, aged 8 months and 4 days.

On the 15th instant, HENRY APPLE, Sr. in his 65th year.

On Wednesday morning, 15th instant, SARAH L. daughter of the late JAS. Y. HUMPHREYS.

Suddenly, on the afternoon of 1st day, 12th instant, RACHEL E. HAINES, wife of Jacob Haines, of Muncy, Lycoming county, Pa.

On the 11th instant, ROBERT KELTON, in his 63d year.

On the evening of the 13th instant, WILLIAM WOODNUTT, in his 70th year.

On the 14th instant, MARY MAYER, in her 83d year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. ELISABETH MERKER, in her 72d year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. FRANCIS HAYE, in his 64th year.

On the 13th instant, ANN WAY, in her 80th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. FRANCIS DAVIS, in his 85d year.

On the 13th instant, ELIZA LINDSAY, relict of the late John Bancroft, in her 75d year.

On the 12th instant, HANNAH, wife of the late Caleb Blood, in her 74th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

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Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	1 to 2½ dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	1 to 25 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.

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A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

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For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections**, these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family Medicines* are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country.

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KOLLOCK'S

IMPROVED DANDELION COFFEE.

Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, nutritious beverage for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders.

Thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will use this without injurious effects. One can contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee.

For sale at the N. E. Corner of Chestnut and Broad Sts., and all Druggists and Grocers, and by DYOTT & CO., No. 232 North Second St., Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. dec21-1y

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE of an INVALID—Published for the benefit and as a warning to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc., supplying the means of Self-Cure. By one who cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. Single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y., by enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope.

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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!

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Rich Rolling Prairie Land!!

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These Lands are adjacent to the Railroad. A tract of EIGHTY ACRES will make a good comfortable home-stead. The purchaser may buy

ON LONG CREDIT!

paying interest at six per cent. annually, and if he has one thousand dollars in money, he can this year, at

THE LOW PRICE

of Lumber, contract for a convenient house, fencing, and farming tools. The Company has sold OVER ONE THOUSAND of such

TRACTS OF LAND

this season. It is well known that Chicago sends more grain to market than all the Western Lake ports combined; this is the best proof of the richness and

GREAT VALUE OF

the Illinois Lands. The Illinois Central Railroad was finished in 1856, built through a sparsely settled country. It takes to market this year, upwards of

THIRTEEN MILLIONS OF BUSHELS

of grain, besides cattle, hogs, and many other products. For further information, apply by letter or in person to

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sept6 tf

TO BUYERS of WATCHES and JEWELRY.—Dollar Stores, Gift Enterprises, Stationary, Envelopes, Dealers, Indian Trading Expeditions, and everybody buying Watches and Jewelry. Be sure and send for a revised trade list. Address

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Ventriloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent to any person for 5 cts. by mail. Address J. F. JAGGERS,
Calhoun, Illinois.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH is a sure remedy for a BAD BREATH, SORE MOUTHS, CANKER, DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS, NURSING SORE MOUTH, &c. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing artificial teeth, completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities.

No YOUNG LADY or YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a *bad breath* should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth street, Brooklyn (E. D.)

Principal office, Tribune Buildings, New York.

Sold in Philadelphia by Dyott & Co., 232 N. Second street, C. S. Hubbell, 1410 Chestnut street, and by all Druggists. jan4-30t

OUR COUNTRY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There's glory in the sunbeams that sparkle on our way,
There's glory in the meteor as in the lightning's play;
There's glory in our forests, extending far and wide,
And in our noble rivers, our country's boast and pride.
There's glory in our northern lakes, as on our mountains high,
And in our wide-spread prairie-lands, uncultured though they lie.
Thus, there's glory all around us, above us and below,
And glory in each noble breast, as in the sunlight's glow;
Then raise one glorious pæan, unfurl our banner high,
Our country—oh, our country! we will save thee or we die.

Down—down with the base traitors wherever they are found,
Who desecrate the altar on Freedom's holy ground;
'Mid their own southern breezes, or on our seagirt shore,
Down—down with the traitors, to be seen never more.
Oh, break—oh, break to pieces, the oppressor's golden wand,
The curse of his home, and the plague-spot of our land.
There's glory in the tempest, when the hurricane is o'er,
And glorious our country, when the plague spot is no more.
Unfettered she will rise—all luminous her beams,
The bright star of the morning, as in her early dreams.
Then raise a glorious pæan—unfurl our banner high,
Our country—oh, our country! we will save thee or we die.

From the shores of the Pacific unto Massachusetts bay,
The welkin swells the chorus, for Freedom's on her way;
The true life-pulse of the North beats as one and only one,
Her spirit's pulse is quickened and echoes but one tone.
Then onward, ever onward, oh, ye brave hearts of the North,
The bugle-notes are sounding—the battle-cry gone forth,
To purify our country—to purge it from its sin,
For earnest truth and noble deeds the victory must win.
Then onward—ever onward, oh, ye brave hearts warm and true—
There's glory in the tempest, and there's glory yet for you.

God's love is in the thunderbolt, as in morn's rosy light,
In the soft and gentle zephyrs, as in the darkest night;
Then buckle on your armor in good faith and soul-felt trust,
"The stars of Heaven will guide you,"—God's love is with the just;
Then raise a glorious pæan, unfurl our banner high;
Our country—oh, our country! we will save thee or we die.

January, 1862.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some pulling off their boots and coats, laid themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine-looking boy about six years of age, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, handsomely featured, with an affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair in thick clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, the father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down upon the floor, put his little hands together so beautifully childlike, and simple, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, to begin his prayer.

The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmurings of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around it—Christian men, retiring to rest without prayer at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel in a steamboat's cabin, acknowledge the goodness of God or ask His protection.

This was the training of some mother? Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on his sunny locks as she had taught him to lisp his prayer?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng.

☞ When a man cannot argue his case without cursing and swearing, his discussion becomes too cursory.

☞ The latest edition of "Burns' Justice." The conflagration at Charleston.

Wit and Humor.

EXTREME DELICACY.

"Is anything the matter?"
"There is, sir," was the host's reply.
"Have I given offence?"
"You have, sir."
"Really, I am ignorant of it."
"Such language won't suit here, sir."
"My dear sir, what language?"
"You were talking of soup."
"We were."
"You mentioned ox-tail."
"I did."
"That is it, that is it, sir. That sent the ladies blushing out of the room; that highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected it from you."
"Why, sir, I but called it its proper name. You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence—but I really do not see how I could have avoided it."
"Then, sir, I advise you, when you have occasion another time to speak of that peculiar soup, do not call it ox-tail."
"No?"
"No, sir."
"But what shall I call it?"
"Fly disperser."

MAKE HIM PAYMASTER.—A correspondent tells the following story:

A politician, who struck pretty high at first, but who failed of success at every point, found himself, a short time since, very hard pushed for cash, and was found by the Administration to be not only a very seedy individual, but a very great bore. The President endured until he could endure no longer.—One day, as a Cabinet meeting was about to break up, the President called his Secretaries to attend to one thing more.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, "something must be done for this man Johnson. He has not got money enough to get out of town with, and if he had, he would not go—unless the rebels began to shell the place. He's got to be maintained somehow; now, what do you say?"

Mr. Seward shook his head. Mr. Chase had nothing. Mr. Welles had nothing. Mr. Blair had long since disposed of the subject. Mr. Smith had no employment; and so everybody turned to the Secretary of War for an answer to the President's question.

"Well," said Mr. Cameron, "I don't see but we will have to let things take the usual course. I'll make him a paymaster."

EXPLICIT.—"I say, fellow, can you tell me where Mr. Schwackelhammer, the preacher, lives?"

"Yaw. You shust valk de road up to de greek, and durn de pritch over de shtream. Den you go on dill you gum to a road mit voots around a schoolhouse; put you don't take dat road. Vell, den you go on dill you meet a pig parn, shingled mit shtraw. Den you durn de road around de field, and go on dill you gum to a pig red house all speckled over mit vite, and de garret up stairs. Vell, dat is mine proder Hans's house. Den you durn dat house around de parn, and you see a road dat goes up into de voots.—Den you don't dake dat road, too. Den you go right straight on, and de first house you meet is a haystack, and de next is a barrack. Vell, he don't lif dere. Den you will get furder, and you see a house on to de hill about a mile, and go in dere and ax de old woman, and she vill dell you pedder as I can."

SOMEWHAT CROOKED.—"Our road" is probably one of the most crooked, if not the *crookedest* in the West—it being but a succession of curves for over a hundred miles, and one curve, called Horseshoe Bend, bears off the palm from all the rest, it being three miles around, and only one half-mile across, from what we might call the "heel forks."

As B———'s train was proceeding around this huge curve, a passenger asks B——— what road that was in the distance.

"That? Why, that's the same road you're on," says B———.

"Is it?" says passenger, astonished. "What a crooked road."

"This is nothing; it crosses itself three or four times in the next ten miles," replied B———, as he passed into the next car.

A GOOD HIT.—A volunteer and some citizens, at Elmira, a few days since, were talking about the war, when, a difference having arisen, some person proposed to settle it by taking a drink.

"No, no," said the volunteer, "that is not the way to talk. You, and all other men who can possibly leave home, should at once agree to enlist. The war must be fought out and settled with all possible dispatch. Drinking won't settle it, for if it would, our officers would have settled it long ago."

A JOKE AS A MEDICINE.—Mirth is healthful, and a joke has before now done good like a medicine. Dr. John Brown, for instance, tells the following story:

"I may give an instance, when a joke was more and better than itself. A comely young wife, the 'cynosure' of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness. '*Try her wi' a compliment*,' said her husband, in a not uncomic despair. She had genuine humor, as well as he; and as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system, and instinctive as well as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, and burst the abscess, and was well."

☞ What is the temperature at which water scalds? One hundred and fifty degrees.

THE DELIGHTS OF CORNS.

OLD GENT (with tender feet).—"Now, boy, be very careful!"
BOY.—"Oh, yes, your honor! These 'ere knobs'll take a beautiful polish!"

LAME AND LAZY—A FABLE.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a whole loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed—

"What! ask a cracker and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf, and I shall expect a loaf of bread; or, if I ask a biscuit, she will give me a batch of bread."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread.

"Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a loafer. You are of that class and character who ask and receive no.; you ask amiss."

Lazy, who always found fault, not fortune, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill-treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise—ask and you shall receive.

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope and Charity.—Charity appeared fairer and larger than her sisters.

He noticed her right hand held a pot of honey which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy.

Charity replied—

"It means that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy."

Lazy turned to go.

"Stop," said Charity; "instead of coin I will give you counsel. Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will send you a rich aunt."

"Rich aunt!" echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse."

WORDS IN THEIR FIRST MEANING.

The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first—almost any word—had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type and analogy to certain ideas, and pictures images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated*—dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we identify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*—the falling apart of stones—and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *husband*—the stay and support and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his "Point of Husbandry"—

"The name of husband—what is it to say?
Of wife and of household the band and the stay?"

And the word *wife* is like it; it is only another form of the words "weave" and "woof;" and in it we have not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household into one. In the same way, *pity* grows into piety.

THE MINERALS IN OUR BODIES.—In the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, there are about 7½ pounds of mineral matter; consisting of phosphate of lime, 5 pounds 13 ounces; carbonate of lime, 1 pound; salt 3 ounces 3.76 grains; peroxyde of iron, 150 grains; silica 3 grains—making 7 pounds, 5 ounces, and 49 grains, with minute quantities of potash, chlorine, and several other substances. The rest of the system is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon; 111 pounds of the oxygen and nitrogen being combined in the form of water.

Though the quantity of some of these substances is very small, it is found absolutely essential to health that this small quantity should be supplied; hence the importance of a variety of food. If we furnish nature with all the material required, she will select such as the system needs, and always just in the proper quantities.

ADVANCING.

How the world advances! A railroad is now in operation thirty-seven miles from Smyrna, towards Ephesus; and at a meeting of the company, held in London on the 29th of November, the Chairman, Sir Macdonald Stephenson, announced that in about a month the line would be extended ten miles, and afterwards ten more, making fifty in all—this last ten miles being a deviation from the original, by which they would reach a no less important place than Ephesus itself. The cool, business-like way of talking the thing over is refreshing to men of sentiment. Not a word about Diana, or any other goddess of ancient times; nothing on the subject of temple, no allusion to Paul or John, or the grave of the Virgin Mary; not even a passing reflection on Demetrius, whose business brought much gain to the people of Ephesus, and might be remembered at an Ephesian railway meeting.

GENEROUS.—Soon after the fall of Sumter, Jeff. Davis telegraphed the following couplet:

"With Paixhan, mortar, and petard,
We tender Old Abe our Beau-regard."

No one then exactly appreciated the point of this well-intended joke, but now "we see it." Of course Jeff. alluded to *Fort Beauregard*, at the entrance of Port Royal, which old Abe accepts, with many thanks—"Paixhans, mortars, petards," and all.

☞ The late Lord Dudley Ward used to cite two brothers as startling examples of want of punctuality:—"If you asked Robert for Wednesday, at seven, you got Charles on Thursday, at eight!"

Useful Receipts.

CORRECTION.—In the Washing Receipt in THE POST of January 11th, instead of stating that "one teaspoonful" of the mixture should be used, it should have been one *tea-cup full*. The correction is an important one, as the receipt is said to be valuable.

APPLE PUDDINGS, IN CRUST.—1½ pint stewed apples, 1 teacup rich cream, ¼ lb. butter, 4 eggs, nutmeg, grated lemon skin, sugar to taste. Put in the butter while the apples art hot, the remainder when cool. Dried apples will do.

PUMPKIN PUDDINGS.—1 pint stewed pumpkin, (it comes now powdered,) 1 quart milk, 4 or 6 eggs, ½ lb. butter, sugar and mace, nutmeg and grated lemon peel, or ginger, or other spice.

POTATO PUDDINGS.—½ peck white ones, boiled. Beat them up; add ½ butter, 1 pint cream, grate 3 lemons, all across, (take out seeds,) 8 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda.

HOW I MAKE CORN CAKE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Papa says I must send you my way of making Corn Cake, which is: Take three pints of sour cream, two eggs, a small teaspoonful of soda, and salt enough, all stirred nicely together. Then stir in slowly two handfuls of flour, and corn meal enough to make a batter about as thick as for buckwheat cakes. This must be well beaten and stirred. Then I melt in my large bread pan about the third of a pound of good sweet butter, pour the batter in, and stir well, so that the butter mixes thoroughly all through it. Have the oven hot enough that it will go right to baking, keeping up a steady heat, and it will be done delicious and tender and crispy, in half-an-hour. Cut it out in squares, like gingerbread, and serve hot.

For a plainer cake, use buttermilk instead of sour cream, and meat drippings instead of butter. Corn meal is often ground *too fine*, and the cake or bread will be dark instead of golden yellow, and will be sticky and unwholesome.

Try this cake, Mr. Editor, as we do for a Sunday evening supper, broken, while warm, into morning's milk that has not been skimmed.

Once, when the wheat crop failed, we were obliged to use corn cake three times a day a whole year, and that's the reason I know how to make the best kind. Harry called it the year of Jubilee. ROSIE.

☞ "Ah! I am very sorry for this rebellion; it prevents me going South," said an Englishman, the other day, dining at a club in Philadelphia by invitation. "They tell me," he continued, "that the American gentleman is only to be found at the South. How is that, pray? Can you explain it?" "I can't," replied his host; "it is no more to be explained than the statement so often made that there are gentlemen in England, but that none of them ever come to this country!"

☞ A learned young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

Agricultural.

BAD TIMBER.

All timber is *good* if put in the right place. Even rotten wood is a valuable absorbent and fertilizer. Many of our modern carriages or implements would find their appropriate sphere in the compost heap, where they might help to grow up honester men than the makers thereof,—but as designed for locomotion, severe trial, and long life, I say it on my honor as a man, they are, in too many cases, miserable abortions. Put into the compost heap, they fulfill a "glorious mission," as *axletrees* for wheels they break down in the mud, amid infinite disquiet, discomfort, and doubt as to *how* to get along on this journey of life. Though they are totally depraved, and all that sort of thing, it was not my intention at this particular time to rail at *mechanics—we farmers are verily guilty* in this thing. We own the timber, and, as a general thing in this country, we manufacture the timber into lumber, or have it done at the local mills. Do we have a single eye to the public good? Do we inquire whether the spoke timber we sell is just suited to its purpose, or simply whether the fellows will buy it, and pay us more than it is worth for oven-wood? I take the confessional—I would like to get round it but I own I have sold poorer lumber (I get logs into the mill sometimes) than I would like to have put into *my* cart.

My father was a thoughtful, prudent, Connecticut Yankee. He said to me many a time, "Pick out some good trees, have them worked into proper shape, and whenever you break a tongue or an axletree or a spoke, take along to the shop your own timber, that you know is right, and be sure they put it in!"

If any man says there is no great difference in timber, I say he is a——just what you please. Christianly speaking, and really, we are all "*sticwards*," and here simply to put ourselves, and all, to proper uses. Whoever claims a right to burn up best kind of axe-helve timber, will be punished by the Court of Heaven, and would be by the other Courts if they knew or dared to do their duty. A lazy, *lumbering* lubber, who won't take the trouble to discriminate between what ought to be sent to the wood-house and what ought to be sent to the saw-mill, had better enter upon some other *mission*,—send him to the cannibals, for instance. I went into a friend's wood-house, a while ago, and saw stove-wood made from the toughest kind of hickory. I pulled off splinters and tested it. "What does this mean?" I said to him, "you have spoiled good axletrees and axe-helves. "I sent my man to the woods, and he cut the wrong tree," was the reply. "Yes, but why didn't you post up in English, Irish and Dutch on all such trees, 'Hands off?'"

Here and there the choicest of choice timber will be found on the *ground*, to be reduced in quality before it is used, or to become so utterly worthless by exposure that nobody would manufacture it, if, indeed, such a thing is possible.

Now, this is to bear witness that every man who owns a tree should hold an inquest upon it, and decide upon competent authority what that tree is made for—what part in the original plan of the universe it was designed to play. If tough and elastic, its destiny may be whip-stocks, axe-helves, or buggy-thills; if of iron firmness, plane-woods, mallets, or beetles; if easily worked, but subject to decay, like white-wood, inside mouldings; if of great strength and endurance, like the best oak and rock-elm, carriage gearing, &c.

There was none too much made of anything, and when what was made for one purpose is *desecrated* to another, there is what treasury departments are familiar with, *a deficit* somewhere.

"It won't pay to bother with this butt log. It is true it would make first rate carriage poles, and such are scarce, and mixed up intimately with the life and death of passengers; but it is five miles to a saw-mill, and I can't afford to go there with it, and then sell it for twenty-five cents a pole." So, on that score, the white-ash butt log, fit for wagon poles, the only one within three miles that is fit, goes into rails, when a stone wall or a thorn bush would answer the same purpose. When will that white ash log be replaced? Good wagon poles may be worth a dollar—the best possible may be worth $10; at least you yourself might be inclined to that side of the argument if you were lying upon your back at the foot of a hill with a broken leg, just because you trusted your life to a poor stick!

Save your good timber while you have it, for it is getting scarce.—H. T. B., *in Rural New Yorker.*

YORKSHIRE PIGS.—A communication to the Mark-Lane Express gives the weights of three "cottagers' pigs," which were all from the same litter, farrowed on the 30th of December, 1860. Their respective ages and weights when killed were as follows:—No. 1, killed at 10 months and 5 days old, weighed 374 lbs.; No. 2, killed at 10 months and 13 days old, weighed 372 lbs.; No. 3, killed at 10 months and 18 days old, weighed 421 lbs.—equal to an average of 385 lbs. at 10 months and 8 days old.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.
My 1, 9, 35, 27, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 2, 15, 12, 7, 6, 41, 44, 27, 46, 43, is a town in Connecticut.
My 3, 19, 30, 4, is a county in New York.
My 5, 8, 39, 23, 28, is a town in Delaware.
My 10, 11, 55, 33, 31, 26, 29, is a river in Florida.
My 13, 38, 57, 49, 48, 32, is a county in Texas.
My 14, 40, 36, 34, 18, 54, is a town in Arkansas.
My 16, 61, 58, 49, 55, is a town in Ohio.
My 17, 51, 18, is a county in Iowa.
My 21, 34, 56, 24, 7, is a town in Michigan.
My 28, 8, 41, 35, 33, 61, 60, 30, is a state of Central America.
My 45, 49, 52, 33, 60, is an island in Australia.
My 47, 50, 20, 9, 11, is a town in Mozambique.
My 53, 59, 25, 38, 40, is a river in South Carolina.
My whole is what we all wish.
Newport, R. I. EDWARD NEWTON.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 14, 10, 18, 14, 2, is a member of the present Cabinet.
My 6, 10, 16, 3, 21, 3, 11, is an European Potentate.
My 22, 7, 23, 6, 12, 14, 21, 17, is a United States fort.
My 10, 13, 18, 9, 10, is a General in the rebel army from Virginia.
My 23, 15, 25, is greatly to be deplored at all times.
My 1, 4, 12, 16, is the most beautiful among flowers.
My 20, 4, 19, 18, is in the past.
My 5, 7, 8, 11, is a useful commodity.
My 14, 20, 3, 10, 15, 19, expresses nothing in some circumstances.
My 21, 8, is a preposition.
My 15, 24, 17, 13, is a household pest.
My whole is a state paper, that through certain circumstances has been largely commented upon.
Bartlett, N. H. A. L. MESERVE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a little insect,
That lives by industry;
My second is an *article*,
Which you do often see.
My next is seen in *Kensington*,
(The leading thing that's in it;)
My fourth is seen in *England*,
You'll guess it in a minute
My fifth you'll always find in *lord*,
To guess my meaning is not hard,

A good and kind man was my whole,
For ah! I knew him well;
And for this glorious Union,
He bravely fighting fell. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a lake of Africa.
Is a county in Michigan.
Is one of the United States.
Is a lake in Africa.
Is a bay in the United States.
Is a city in Brazil.
My whole is the name of a river in the old world.
My initials form the river, my finals the place.
SAMUEL S. LAIRD

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in sail but not in boat,
My 2nd is in collar but not in coat,
My 3rd is in grate but not in stove,
My 4th is in kiss but not in love,
My 5th is in road but not in lane,
My 6th is in rod but not in cane.
My whole is a contributor to the Post,
And is one of those who contribute the most.
Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Met no pen spot.	A dim mile yet.
Nephe on men.	Late for gig.
Peter Illva.	Cas al' rum.
Talr lame.	Rou tale.

GAHMEW.

DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—seven affirmative whole numbers, such, that their sum shall be a square number; and also the sum of any six of them a square number? DAVID ANDERSON.
Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind.
☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An officer is in pursuit of a criminal who escaped from prison, and is riding at an uniform rate in a coach, the fore wheels whereof are four feet in diameter, and the hind wheels are five feet in diameter, and the centres of the wheels are six feet apart. While riding along he noticed a particle of dirt driven from the highest point of the hind wheel and fall on the highest point of the fore wheel. Required—the hourly speed of the officer? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What plaything may be deemed above every other? Ans.—A top.

☞ "Sam, why am hogs the most intelligent beings in the world?" Ans.—"Because they nose everything."

☞ If a man bumped his head against the top of a room, what article of stationary would he be supplied with? Ans.—Ceiling whacks.

☞ What good reason can be given for dentists having but few children for customers? Ans.—Because the most of their sufferers are *green folks!*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Stick to the Union and take the POST. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"A bad wound heals; a bad name kills." ENIGMA.—Switzerland. CHARADE.—Landlord. DOUBLE REBUS.—Konion, in Asia. (Kotchnel, Onion, Umea, Lewis, Orosel, Niagara.) GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—21.023944 inches.